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GOVERNMENT OF BRITISH INDIA.

Examination of the Principles and Policy of the Government of British India: embracing a Particular Inquiry concerning the Tenure of Lands; Strictures on the Administration of Justice; and Suggestions for the Improvement of the Character and Condition of the Natives in general. By a Gentleman in the Service of the Honourable the East India Company. 8vo. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1829.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and written on the subject of India, from the days of Burke down to the present hour, the people of this country know extremely little about their fellow subjects in the East. Perhaps the ignorance of which we now complain arises partly from apathy, from that feeling of indifference which we all experience towards objects separated from us by any great interval either of space or time: but it is also in part referable to another origin; the public and private affairs of oriental nations are so widely different from our own, or from any thing of which we have the least experience in this country, that they require a greater share of attention than people in general are willing to apply before they can be understood. Again: books written on the subject generally assume so much previous knowledge on the part of the reader; they are so bespattered with Hindostanee terms and local allusions, that they seem only intended for the learned Doctor Gilchrist, or the gentlemen of the Oriental Club.—A book becomes very tiresome when it stands in need of a glossary. Here is now lying before us a little work of considerable merit, entitled 'British Government of Hindostan': it might be consulted by most persons with advantage, and yet we will undertake to say that, from the causes just stated, it will prove about as interesting and intelligible to ordinary readers as the mystical prescription of a medical practitioner.

The writer of 'Government of British India' we conjecture to be a gentleman of the Madras Civil Service, who had witnessed, with a degree of concern which does honour to his feelings, the effects of Sir Thomas Munro's method of collecting the revenues of his presidency. To the pernicious consequences of that system he seems disposed to attribute the hopeless misery and degradation which he saw constantly accumulating around him. We are little inclined, Heaven knows, to advocate the Ryotwary system; we believe it to have been a most important and lamentable error; but if to the Ryotwary system alone be chargeable all the evils under which the Madras provinces are suffering, to what causes are we to impute the present condition of Bengal? The fact is, it is not any particular plan of collecting the Company's revenue which has converted its mighty empire into one wide scene of moral and physical desolation; the real evil is of higher origin; it is that act of rapacious tyranny which sweeps into the treasury of Government nearly the entire net produce of the land and labour of Hindostan. India is over taxed; the people are so weighed down by excessive impost, that while it is continued, wisdom and benevolence would be expended in vain in devising the means to better their condition. The Zemindary system may be bad, and the Ryotwary system may be worse, but the first evil to be remedied is of another nature. By the excess of fiscal exactions, the reward of labour and the motives to exertion are done away, and it is of little benefit that the im-

partial administration of laws in India gives security to possessions, when the tax-gatherer is ordered to carry away almost every thing laws are framed to protect.

Still it must not be supposed that an overwhelming fiscal system is the only evil that impends over the people of this devoted country. The sovereign power has not merely laid hands upon all that portion of yearly produce which should go towards the accumulation of national capital, but it has closed to the native population every avenue to power or to distinction. There is no office in the civil or military establishments of government accessible to a native, which a European would not disdain to accept. Let us quote a little from our author.

'Prosperity withers under our shade. We have grasped and monopolized every thing—the field of honourable ambition, every lucrative post of a great and extensive empire, every road to military fame and advancement; and, by the activity of our free traders, we have superseded even the coarsest manufactures of the country. The business of life has been compressed into its duller routine; to worship images; to go on pilgrimages; and to grow strong in religious prejudices and immorality, through ignorance and poverty. A barrier has been erected which no man can pass; a weight has been imposed which crushes every one into indigence. The Hindoo can only become rich in religious grace by prayer and fasting; and may possibly acquire a treasure of mental resignation, the boon of Britons to men of dark complexions.'—Pp. 81, 82.

We are sure such a dispensation is neither reconcilable with justice nor with reason. Other obligations attach themselves to sovereignty besides the preservation of its authority or the promotion of its ministers. Long ago it was ascertained in this country, that the subject held something due to him at the hands of his ruler, as the price and condition of his obedience. The grand problem of political power, which will one day have been agitated in every land, was first brought to a conclusion in this. It was here, amid scenes of bloodshed and convulsion, that the momentous question of civil government was first resolved, and hence it was promulgated to the world. But it cannot be told that the principles there discovered were intended for any nation in particular; they were true in Paris as in London, as applicable at the tropics as at the poles. We were taught—and it is a lesson almost divine—that the first duty of every government is to provide for the welfare of the people submissive to its authority; that next to this duty—though of far meaner importance in the scale of moral rectitude—came the consideration of what was owing by its subjects to itself. Now the conduct of our government in India might be considered as a theme for declamation only, if it resolved itself in a question of justice and humanity on the one side, and our peculiar advantages on the other.

Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam
Præmia si tollas?

But the fact is otherwise; honesty and expediency seem here to go together, and we firmly believe that that man is no real friend to the interests of England, who recommends the oppression of her Indian provinces. We know that there is a doctrine of another nature, a doctrine which would represent our dominion in the East as dependent on tyranny and extortion. 'Authorities of talent,' says the writer before us, 'have considered it incumbent on the conquerors of India, if they would

retain their sway, to reduce the people to the lowest state of intelligence and poverty consistent with the reasoning faculties of man.' Where indeed was that man's heart who could offer such advice! But let us turn to the facts before us: sixty millions of people have now been nearly reduced to this horrible state of existence, and, whether it be a consequence or not, India has been retained—but how? By forcing upon the mother country a debt of 50,000,000*l.* of money, by destroying all sympathy between the governors and the governed, and by arming against ourselves every bad passion that moral degradation and a keen sense of injuries can engender. The country, it is true, is still under our control, but 'India,' says Sir John Malcolm, who belongs to the oppression school, 'India is as quiet as gunpowder.' 'I much fear that it is not understood, as it ought to be,' were the words of a celebrated Governor-General, 'how near the Company's existence in India has, on many occasions, vibrated on the edge of perdition.'—At present all is still,

'The storms yet sleep—the clouds yet keep their station;
The bloody earthquake yet is in the womb;
The unborn chaos yet expects creation;
But all, all things are disposing for its doom.
The elements are warring, but the word
"Let there be darkness,"—and it grows a tomb.'

Of this we may be assured, that should the day of insurrection ever arrive, (and may God in his mercy long avert it!) the convulsion will be bold, and bloody, and tremendous, in the same degree as the people who shall rise against us will be barbarous, ignorant, and exasperated.

But it is now time to say something of the volume whose title we have placed at the beginning of this article. It is principally taken up with an attack on the Ryotwary system and its advocates; and here perhaps a few preliminary observations may be necessary. The revenue of eastern countries is almost exclusively derived from the soil in the form of a land-tax. The Mogul conquerors of India appointed an officer called a Zemindar, who should become responsible to the government for the revenues of a certain district; he was, in fact, neither more nor less than a tax-gatherer. At a certain period of the year, he required of the different Ryots, or farmers, in his allotted territory, the government assessment, a certain portion of which went into his own pocket in way of remuneration; the rest was transferred to the sovereign's treasury. The means of collection, now denominated the Zemindary system, is in some degree different from this. Lord Cornwallis, by whom this new method was established, declared the old Zemindars the hereditary possessors of the soil over which they had before presided; he assessed the land appropriated to each Zemindar at a certain rate in money; and in case of the required assessment not being duly paid, he ordered so much of the land to be sold as might make up the deficiency. The Ryots, or farmers, now held their leases of the Zemindar. Some of the peculiarities of this system were—it created a sort of independent gentry, a class superior to the mere day labourer or mechanic; while the farmer and land-proprietor, or Ryot and Zemindar, having a mutual interest in each other's prosperity, might be expected to live together on terms of harmony and good will.

The first-mentioned advantage, however, excited the disuay of Sir Thomas Munro, Lord Teignmouth, Sir John Malcolm, and some others; they con-

tended that there was not in India, as there is in Europe, the same necessity for a body of great and rich landlords; that even if such a body could be raised, it would probably in the end be productive of more harm than good, because great landholders would in time become impatient of the dominion of a foreign nation, and their wealth and the smallness of their numbers would enable them to form combinations which the cultivators had neither the means nor the desire to attempt. Accordingly, the Ryotwary system was set up in opposition to the system of Lord Cornwallis, and in a few years afterwards it was introduced under the auspices of Sir Thomas Munro into the presidency of Madras. The agents of government, under this arrangement, receive the land-tax from the cultivators themselves. The collector of a district at the head of a numerous array of European and Native assistants, descending in a vast variety of gradations, now came in immediate contact with the Ryots, and required from them the yearly assessment on their lands. Without going further into the merits of the case, the mere complexity of this new machinery is strong evidence of its inexpediency. There is one peculiarity of the system which we must not fail to notice: every Ryot was responsible to government for his neighbour's dues, to the amount of 10 per cent; that is,—A. might be industrious, prudent, and fortunate, and raise large crops on his farm, but all his surplus earnings were liable to be taken from him by the collector to make up for the folly and indolence of B. This was certainly an admirable expedient for putting down ambitious spirits, and for preventing the Ryots from becoming troublesome by means of their wealth. Such is the Ryotwary system. Let us now take a glance at our author:

‘Before I enter upon the consideration of the third condition of the people, to which I have adverted, I must beg leave to draw the attention of the reader to the obvious means at Sir Thomas Munro’s command, if he believed his own descriptions of the state of the people, for adopting any other plan than that of the Ryotwary in the ceded districts. He declares the land to belong to Government; he describes circumstances to be in existence, the absence of which in Bengal formed the only great bar to the full success of the benevolent plan of Lord Cornwallis; he opposes that, or any plan which should create and maintain a gentry in India. In a country where he could have done what he pleased with the land, in as far as any other person, by his account, had any claim on it, the only thing he did was to make a bad edition of the tenures of Canara; and yet, when he, or the advocates of his system, find it necessary to defend it, they invariably endeavour to withdraw attention from it, and to fix it on the defects of the Bengal plan; which, however inapplicable in Bengal, was certainly quite applicable in those territories of Madras, where its introduction was resisted by Sir Thomas Munro. Why might not Sir Thomas have given up the land to great or middling, as well as small holders? and, as he could impose any terms as the consequence of the gift, why not have instituted in respect to it the law of primogeniture, or imposed great restrictions on the law of division of property? Would not this have been as palatable and just as the imposition of ten per cent. on one Ryot for the failure of another? But such a plan was no part of Sir Thomas Munro’s *state policy*. The balance of convenience was to have slaves and a moderate revenue, rather than an intelligent and a wealthy people with a great revenue. It will hardly be disputed that a wealthy capitalist might dig wells and make water courses, and improve the capabilities of the soil, where the Ryot, who is ‘labourer, farmer, and landlord,’ never could. But I shall discuss this question in some detail in a subsequent part of my subject. ‘It has been said,’ remarks Sir Thomas Munro, ‘that there can be no proper subordination without just gradations of rank in society; and that Zemindars are required in Indian society to accomplish this desirable end. But this opinion is completely contradicted by experience; for there is not a people upon earth among whom there is greater subordination than among the Hindoos, who never saw proprietary Zemindars until they were created by the company’s government.’ Now, although there never had been Zemindars, such as Lord Corn-

wallis created, yet there had been in most of the provinces of India a local gentry, whose places are now occupied by English gentlemen, well paid, and by native agents of our government, badly paid; and although this gentry partook of, and were interwoven with, the domestic management of the government, and were not like independent English gentlemen, yet they formed, to every intent and purpose, gradations of rank in society, and were the natural heads of the people, whom they frequently guarded from heavy oppressions, although they oppressed them sometimes themselves. But, even if there had been no gentry before, what can we think of the statesmen who would not endeavour to engraft them on the stock of society; of him who talks of experience, and says they are neither wanted nor useful, when the most prosperous nations of the earth are distinguished by that characteristic of their society, and the most uncivilized in learning, arts, and sciences, and the poorest in pecuniary resources, are marked by the very reverse? If the Hindoos were in such a state of barbarism, it was Sir Thomas Munro’s duty, as a man, as a Briton, and as a legislator for millions, to rescue them from it without delay.’—Pp. 58—61.

The principle of the land-tax in India is good. It is levied with due regard to the value of the leases (except in cases of illegal exaction on the part of the inferior officers of government), the time and manner of payment are fixed and known to the contributor, and his convenience is considered both with respect to the time and manner of payment:—finally, the expenses of collection are very moderate, scarcely exceeding 10 per cent except under the Ryotwary system.

It must not be supposed that the Zemindary settlement has rendered the people of Bengal prosperous—the rapacity of taxation throughout India renders prosperity impossible.

‘The subjects of the Bengal presidency are not in a better condition, perhaps, viewing them in all relations, than those of Madras. But we have had the honour of failing in that country on principles, and with views, which all men must admire and respect. The liberal, the just Cornwallis has left, to the glory of his Majesty’s government and of his native country, a mark of the true and enlightened policy which should regulate the government of India. Here we find no errors of right and wrong; his was no scheme to render the wasting influence of our sovereignty more baneful and destructive; not his the timid policy that would reduce the inhabitants of India to slavery and ignorance, that we may sleep securely through our despotism, or fill our coffers by the bodily endurance and mental degradation of whole nations and races of men. That statesman saw the mischiefs of our depressing rule; and when it fell to his lot to meet the views of Lord Melville and the Directors in framing better fiscal arrangements, he grounded his operations on a policy as congenial to his own enlightened mind, as it was satisfactory to the statesmen to whom he was responsible. But that plan also failed, in no small degree, from the imperfection of our administration of justice at the time of its adoption; but chiefly because it was in a great degree incompatible with the rights of other men, than those whose interests it established in opposition to theirs. Although the system is, after a long period, now beginning to work better, and to produce happier results, (since, perhaps, it cannot occasion any more mischief,) the benefit has not become sufficiently extensive to allow me to represent the people of Bengal as requiring no attention from the foresight and humanity of his Majesty’s government.’—Pp. 82—83.

There are a few general observations towards the close of the volume which are neither very original nor very profound: our author is puzzled about the charter and seems to value the legislators of Leadenhall-street about as highly as the rest of the world.

‘If the charter is renewed to the Company, his Majesty’s Ministers ought to insist on the adoption of some plan for securing to the internal affairs of India the superintendence of men of experience and philosophers, who will view things in lights that mere men of habit, although possessed of strong understandings, would never discover. At present, this superintendence is left to blind chance, and men (I wish to speak with no disparagement of any particular persons,) who have all their lives been at sea,

or in agency, or banking-houses, to whose turn it comes, to legislate for India, must often be puzzled with very plain subjects, and trust to the clerks in their offices for answers to important questions. The clerks may be clever men enough, and may sometimes give good opinions enough; but, if their opinions are really good in most cases, they ought to be made the directors.’—P. 172.

On the whole the book is a good book; it has adopted a just cause, which it always advocates with zeal and sometimes with ability.

One word more—scattered over this volume there are certain expressions savouring so strongly of self importance, that we cannot, in fair criticism, dismiss the author without adverting to them. Gentlemen residing up the country, separated from European society, and surrounded only by a host of servile and flattering dependents, may perhaps be excused if now and then an expression rather more grandiloquent than passes current on this side the water should escape their lips, but it is an awful thing to register them in a printed book—they are apt to provoke a sort of laughter in which the writer could not cordially participate. We allude to such sentences as these:

‘In the preceding pages, I have offered, with the most perfect sincerity, my opinions and information, and if they assist his Majesty, or his Ministers, in discovering the truth, in adding lustre to his throne, and benefiting the natives of India, I shall feel satisfied with myself for having undertaken the task.’—P. 172.

SIR JAMES TURNER’S MEMOIRS.

Memoirs of his Own Life and Times by Sir James Turner. M.DC.XXXII.—M.DC.LXX. From the Original Manuscript. Edinburgh, 1829.

(Concluded from p. 589.)

THE causes by which Scotland was long hindered from becoming a sound limb of the body politic, were partly general, more or less inherent in the nature of provincial or colonial government, and partly special, traceable to roots in the internal condition of the country. The former class of influences on our provinces north of the Tweed, have held a sort of middle distance in the grand historical picture of England’s administration of her colonies, between her sway of Ireland, filling a dark background of centuries, and that of America figuring in the foreground of the last age, and leaving an unfinished patch for the graphic art of this. But, in addition to the ordinary grounds of discontent in a remote or a neglected province, there took place in Scotland, since the accession of James the First, that which Montesquieu would certainly have spoken of as ‘corruption of the principle of government,’ and which rendered those classes which, in one shape or other, exert a natural power in every country, incendiaries of civil dissension, or mere instruments of foreign misrule.

The reformation of religion in Scotland had taken much more the aspect of a *radical reform* than the corresponding series of events in this country. It was a reform which, in a tangible and material sense, had been exclusively in favour of the upper classes, while its spiritual organisation and tendencies affected, with almost equal exclusiveness, the lower. One law for the rich and another for the poor, has, in some countries, passed into a proverb. One religion for the rich, and another for the poor, might be affirmed as extensively of others. A liberal education and unbounded means of indulgence, have encouraged in the upper ranks of most countries a temper very hostile to ascetic creeds and practices, while a tendency to these has been produced in the multitude, (especially if wretched in condition,) which serves at once to make a merit of their own privations, and to sanctify a ‘jealous leer malign’ on the unparticipated license of their betters. It is singular how artfully these opposite dispositions, produced by the extremes of inequality in station, will avail themselves of any pretext of principle. In the British revolution, it was Church of England laxity (as Charles the Second termed it, the religion for a

gentleman,) which spread its episcopal mantle over the errors of the upper classes; it was Presbyterian discipline which urged its inquisitions into these errors for the edification and warning of the populace. In the French revolution, it was fashionable deism which illumined the last boudoirs and assemblies of the nobles; it was the scheme of physiocracy and equality which urged the levelling efforts of the sans culottes. Watchwords and pretences reign and perish; human nature is eternally the same.

When the civil war broke out in these kingdoms, the state of Scotland, as the loss of her central government had made it, together with the effect of her reformation, and the interest and position of her nobles, explains the whole of the irregular and vacillating policy which disgraced her participation in that struggle, and prepared for her that cup of bitter sorrows which the restoration gave her to drain. The nobles had been threatened by a weak and fanatic monarch in their personal security, no less than in their church lands, which Charles might be expected to seize the earliest opportunity of re-annexing to the restored episcopal dignities. This at once secured their championship to presbytery, in whose cause they had been marvellously lukewarm when that alone had been endangered by the articles of Perth. The kirk (which, after vain attempts, at its first formation, to vindicate its claims to the territorial wealth of its Catholic predecessor, had been finally obliged to content itself with working hard for spiritual domination on the people,) played a sort of middle part between subservience to the nobles and fanatical excitement of the commons. The people prayed and sung, and fought in singleness of heart for what they deemed the cause of God and his elected remnant; and when the foremost of their natural guides and guardians had deserted them, to play the part of secular tyrants, or of clerical apostates, the people, with the faithful among their pastors, still made head against the *dragonades* of Charles the Second, and conferred on Scottish history what it had come to stand in need of—a generation of unflinching heroes and martyrs.

The restoration brought that regimen on Scotland which has afflicted Ireland up to a later period, and under which perhaps a nation is made to feel with greatest bitterness the curse of dependence, that, namely, where a junto of native aristocrats is protected from the people by a band of foreign soldiers. 'It had been moved by the Earl of Clarendon,' says Burnet, 'that there might be a council to sit regularly at Whitehall on Scotch affairs, to which every one of the Scotch privy council that happened to be on the place should be admitted; but with this addition, that as two Scotch lords were called to the English council, so six of the English were to be of the Scotch council. The effect of this would have been, that whereas the Scotch councillors had no great force in English affairs, the English, as they were men of great credit with the King, and were always on the place, would have the government of the affairs of Scotland wholly in their hands.' This arrangement would undoubtedly have been infinitely preferable to that which threw supreme power into the hands of the Scottish privy council; as it would at least have exempted their unfortunate country from the personal passions, avarice, and vindictiveness of those unfit delegates of majesty, and would have left her only exposed to those inevitable evils which the bigotry of the English high church party, and the general corruption of the central administration, must be expected to inflict on the extremities of the empire with even less restraint than round the metropolis. But if Scotland had to thank the Lord Chancellor for some degree of statesmanlike intention in her favour, she was indebted in a widely different sense to him for years of persecution, as atrocious in purpose as ever weighed upon the memory of most Catholic or most Christian despots. A Mr. Mac Somebody, in his 'Lives of British Statesmen,' has endeavoured to extenuate the bigotry of Clarendon by affirming, that he only partook the principles of the most enlightened men of his æra. False and impudent assertion, eternally repeated, and

in vain disproved! Though that age had nourished no such men as Taylor and Milton, though it had heard no proclamation of the rights of conscience by men whose principles combined them in no other cause, though the English church herself among her ministers could have reckoned no such names as Leighton, Tillotson, and Stillingfleet, still there would not have lacked evidence enough against this mere apologetical fiction. That evidence may be found in the known principles of the sovereign, whose intolerance permitted acts of tyranny which his judgment entirely disapproved, and of that favourite who most earnestly dissuaded at the outset from atrocities which he sold himself to perpetrate in the sequel. But the high-church party worked on a disgust at Presbyterianism, which may almost be termed *personal*, in the temper of Charles II., and on an appetite for absolute power in Scotland, which he hoped to introduce nearer home. And Lauderdale, who had honestly encouraged the naturally tolerant disposition of his master, was unhappily one of those honest men whose honesty depended upon their hopes of succeeding by it. He was afterwards, as is well known, the tool of the church party in renewing, after an interval of justice and repose, the religious persecutions in Scotland; as well as the slave of his own passions, and of those of his consort, which engaged him more and more deeply in vindictive and rapacious excesses and episodes of misgovernment. But this change, or rather development of a deep and selfish character, belongs to a later epoch than is now before us.

The following passage gives a needless testimony to the loyal eagerness shewn by the three kingdoms in recalling their legitimate sovereign—a measure of which one at least had speedy cause for repentance:

'Bot there was little need of any agenting any thing at Court, or of a new General for the Scots, or yet of arms to be sent to Scotland; for the Kings restoration, and the means tending to it, were carried on in such a way, and so fast, as himself could neither wish nor expect the busines to be done better. He is proclaimed in all his three kingdoms; is complimented by the Embassadors of the United States at Breda; invited to the Haag by the provinces of Holland; is there royally and magnificently wellcomd and entertaind; is congratulated by the Embassadors of all the Princes of Christendome who were at that Court; his own fleet is sent to bring him home, with Commissioners from both Houses of Parliament. He embarks in it, and next day lands at Dover, and enters his capital citie of London triumphantlie, on his birth-day, where, at his Banqueting-house, both his Houses made their humble Addresses to him. And all this was done in lesse than two months time.'—P. 133.

Sir James Turner is historically known as the active agent of those military severities and oppressions which were resorted to in Scotland, shortly after the restoration, for re-establishing episcopal discipline, in defiance of the most solemn oaths and treaties. But what is not so well known, and what indeed might have remained, but for these 'Memoirs' an eternal secret, is, that notwithstanding the odious nature of the service which was confided to this veteran soldier of fortune, and notwithstanding his performance of that service in a manner which set the whole west of Scotland in a blaze, and of which the secondary effects were to arrest for a moment (by the disgust which they excited in England) the course of violent policy thus overstrained at the very outset,—notwithstanding, we say, these awkward presumptions against the fame of our author, which we cannot but confess are somewhat strengthened by involuntary proofs of want of principle in his writings, we should nevertheless mistake very greatly, if we imagined him to be at all the man whom history has delivered to us. Autobiography has indeed a saving efficacy; and those who will believe the good Lord Clarendon, on his own word, to have united every virtue under heaven, need not scruple to extend their faith and charity for the benefit of Sir James Turner. They will learn from his account of his own character, that, so far from being the stern unscrupulous instrument of tyranny, he

'Was pitiful, was wondrous pitiful,'

having in fact himself indited a 'Discourse or Essay on Crueltie,' wherein that hateful vice was justly reprehended. They will learn—but let them learn from his own statement of his mission, the unexceptionable tenour of his conduct:

'Bot the people of Galloways minds being whollie estranged from the present government of the Church, and having beene bot terrified to ane exterior obedience, and, by reason of my parties short stay, not at all settled, they soone furnish'd their ministers with new occasions of complaints, which were so loud, that they were brought quicklie to the eares of the two Archbishops; and they presentlie acquainting my Lord Commissioner with the great contempt of the laws, in order to Church Government in that countrey, so that a resolution was taken to send me the third time there, as also to Nithsdail, where the people were likewise become disorderlie. It was intended I should have gone in the beginning of Januare 1666, but some things occord, to which my oune backwardnes to that journey contributed, for indeed my mind presaged me little good, which retarded my journey till the month of March. I had againe a hundredth and twentie foot allowed me, and threttie horse were appointed to follow me, for bringing in the Parliaments fines, as they were called: and indeed I very little meddled with these horse, except that I quartered some of them, on some deficient, in two or three parishes, in the months of September and October after, when I lay myself at the toune of Drumfrie.

'I was sufficientlie impoured, with orders and instructions from my Lord Commissioner, for cessing, quartering on and fining persons disobedient to church ordinances; neither had I at all any order to cite or processe formallie the contemners and disfrequenters of churches, and these who married and baptised with outed ministers; all which persons could not be dilated to me by the conforme ministers, for they knew lesse than I, which of their parishioners frequented conventicles. They might indeed misse them out of their churches, bot could not tell where they were. I was commanded to make inquiry after such, and to bestow liberallie upon intelligence, both to find them out, and the fugitive ministers, (whom I had order to apprehend) and to find out such who harboured them, and to quarter on them, and fine them. And by this meanes, I was more able to inform the Bishop and Ministers of these disorderlie meetings, and who were at them, than they could inform me.

'In May, if I remember right, a Sinod was keept at Kirkcudbright; where to ease the phanaticks for some time of cessing, at my very earnest desire, ane Act was pas'd for a bond of future obedience, to be subscribed by all who had paid no fine that year; with promise that after signeing and observing the bond, nothing should be demanded of them for bygone transgressions; if not, they should be cess'd on, not for refusing to sign the bond (for that was a wicked calummie) bot for the fines they ow'd for former delinquencies. Many subscribed the bond, and so payd no fine at all; many refusd it, and so by my order were quartered on for their bygone fines. A fortnights time was allowd them to advice, and in that time I went to Glasgow, from whence I had a call from my Lord Commissioner to come to Edenburgh, where I ressavd new instructions. At my returne to Galloway, I cessd on such transgressors as had neither paid their fines, nor wold signe the bond. Bot making haist to Nithsdail, because of a letter from my Lord Commissioner, I exacted the fines of very few, bot caused them pay the cesse to the sojors, promising once more, if they wold yet keepe the church, they should pay no fine at all; if not, though I was going from them, I wold not faile to send horse to quarter on them.

'In July, if I mistake not, I came to Drumfrie where I tooke the same course I had done in the steuartrie of Kirkcudbright, and shire of Galloway. I dealt as favourable as I could with these who were averse from Church government. And here I shall take leave, once for all, to write ane undoubted truth, which is, that I was so farre from exceeding or transgressing my commission and instructions, that I never came the full length of them; sometimes not exceeding the sixth part of the fines, sometimes not the third, and seldom the halfe; and many fines I never exacted at all, still upon the parties promises of future compliance.

'In all the places where I came, the number of the deficient, and the Ministers feared, that I should be called back before the business were done, was so great, that I was often necessitated to quarter my whole party on delinquents, and scarce keep any by me, except my own servants; this may be clear by this demonstration, that though I stayd in that country full eight months, yet when I was taken, I had the deficient of seven or eight parishes, whose names had been given me long before, to quarter on. And this my order led me to do, being appointed to cesse and quarter with my party, and not to keep any post, place or garrison; for if it could have been expected that the people of that country would have risen against me, my party when it was strongest, would have been too weak to have entered there; and after I had entered, it had been madness in me to have cessd or quartered upon any delinquent; for necessity of self defence, would have obliged me to have kept my whole party constantly together, yea, and to have fortified myself against hostile attempts.'—Pp. 142—145.

Having been captured at his quarters, at Dumfries, by a body of armed peasantry, whom the outrages of his scattered troops had driven to insurrection, our author gives the following sarcastic sketches of his captors:

'We made a stand at Douglas till quarters were made, and in that interim, I was accosted by one Mitchell, whom I had never seen before, a preacher, but no actual minister, who spared not to rail sufficient against all authority both supreme and subalterne. He seemed to be most offended with the gentlemen of the long robe, who, as he conceived, had been the contrivers and penners of these laws, either in Parliament or Council, which did uphold the prelatical government. Next to them he furiously blamed me, for oppressing men in their consciences and estates, by putting these unjust laws in execution. He said, I had oppressed men who had shewn more loyalty to the King, in the time of usurpation, than any of these who had pend those laws. I told him, sharply enough, if both my conscience and judgment had not gone along with the justice and equity of these laws, no worldly advantages could ever have made me undertake the execution of them. He seemed to commend my ingenuitie, but entered on another discourse, which passed all prescription of modestie. That night, Wallace began to command their forces, which power, with the title of colonell, as I was told, was given him by their committee; in which also it was debated, what should be done with me, but nothing concluded on the matter.'—Pp. 165, 166.

'Let now all people of impartial judgments determine, whether this armie of pretended saints spend these Lords day, as Christians ought to do; and these who make Sabbath breaking a crying sinne, how will they excuse this crue of rebellious hypocrites, who began that days worke in the morning with stealing a silver spoone and a night gowne at Douglas, and spent the rest of the day, most of them in exercising, in a militarie way, and the rest in plundering houses and horses, and did not bestow one hour or minute of it, in the Lords service, either in prayers, praises or preaching? But they made a good amends at night; for omitting the duties of the day, by passing one act for renewing the Covenant, and another for murdering me whenever they could thinke it fitting. This I shall say, they were not to learne to plunder, and that I have not seen lesse of divine worship any where. Then I saw in that armie of theirs; for though at their rendezvous and halts they had opportunitie enough everie day for it, yet did I never hear any of their ministers, (and as themselves told me, there was not so few as two and threitie of them, whereof onlie five or six conversed with me,) either pray, preach, or sing psalmes; neither could I learne that it was ever practised publickly, except once by Mr Robbison at Corsrairie, another time by Mr Welch at Damellinton, and now the third time by Mr Semple at Lanrick, where the lauffull pastor was forced to resigne his pulpit to him. What they did in severall quarters, I know not; perhaps they had some familie exercise there. I am sure in my quarters, my guards neither prayd nor praids, for any thing I ever heard; and being for most part in one room together, it is to be supposed I must have been a witness to their devotions. But I confesse I was more overwheared with

the tediousnes and impertinencies of their graces before and after meate, then I was either with the scarcenes or badnes of my meate and drinke.'—Pp. 168, 169.

Our author was an involuntary witness of the rout of the poor covenanters at Pentland Hills by General Dalziel, which he sketches in a very amusing manner:

'When I saw the encounter would be inevitable, and that my guards were doubtfull of the event, I thought it hie time to propose that to them which I had long premeditated, and which none of them could at that nick of time reveale without their own danger. My friends, said I, bruskie, "the day will be either yours or ours. If yours, I am still your prisoner, and I believe I shall not be long troubled with you after your victorie. If the day proves ours, your lives and mine are in equal danger. If then the Kings forces gaine the victorie, defend you me from the violence of your party in the flight, and I shall assure you of your lives."

'To this proposition the eight who were with me, (for the other eight had left me to my fortune,) readily assented. "Then," said I, "put your swords in your left hands, and hold up your right hands to heaven, and let both you and me sueare the performance of our mutuall promises." This was presentlie done; "And who will now say," said I, "that I am not a Cove'nter?" Not long after this, we might hear Mr. Welch and Mr. Semple cry out very loudlie and vry often, "The God of Jacob, the God of Jacob," without adding any more. This was, because they saw our commanded men give some ground; my very latie sueare guards echoed the same words, "The God of Jacob, the God of Jacob." I asked them what they meant. They answered, Could I not see thu Lord of Hostes fighting for them? I told them then very passionatly, that they understood not their own condition, for they might see that party, which they thought was beaten, rally and stand. They could not but see the whole bodie of our foot, and left wing of our horse, advance with much courage and in very good order, with trumpets sounding, and drums beating. "And in one word," said I, "if your party doe not reele, runne and fly within one quarter of ane houre, then I shall be contented you pistoll me." It fell out so, that though the rebels, for their number, fought desperatly enough, yet it pleased the Lord that they were beaten, and their horse fled apace. Whill I thought to make use of this opportunitie, came Canon of Mondroget, bleeding very fast, for wounded he was. He had professed kindness to me formerlie for some courtesies I had done to some neere friends of his; but he told me then, that I must goe with him. I answered, that I was so pittifullie ill mounted that I could not ride up with him; besides he knew I had no spur allowed me, whereby I might helpe my nagge to runne. But he replyd, it was probable some of their officers might be made prisoners, and that I might helpe by exchange to relieve them; ther'forward I must goe, for he neither could or would leave me behind him, and tooke God to witnes, it was much against his will. I told him, that since sure it was he could not get me forward with him as I was mounted, and his party being routed, and himselfe wounded, it would be no advantage to him to kill a person who had never done him any injurie, whatever other crimes were layd to his charge; and with that I looked up my shoulder, (for my guards still forced me to ride after him,) and saw our horse pursuing eagerly enough, and were not farre from us. Then I calld to Mondroget, and advisd him to looke about, and see who was pursuing him, telling him it was now more time to save his own life, then to seeke after another mans. This advice he followd by galloping away. Four more of my guards had left me out of feare; the other foure were some persuaded to turne with me. I then commanded a drummer of mine, who had waited constantlie upon me, to tell any officer he met with, that I was there. He rencountered with Alexander Cockburne, a servant of my Lord Duke Hamiltons, who was well armed and mounted. He came to me with much kindness, and gave me and my prisoners, (for such were now my guards,) the word and the signe, and conducted me to my Lord Duke. His grace was pleasd to ressave me with much civillitie and favour, and entertained me with expressions of so much kindness as I do realie acknowledge not to have deserved. He gave order likewise that my prison-

ers should be kindly used, till next day they were delivered to the foot guards; and not long after, upon my humble supplication, had their lives and liberties granted them.' Pp. 185—188.

The mitigation of ecclesiastical policy in Scotland which we have noticed our author's oppressions as having indirectly helped to occasion, drew along with it the disgrace of Rothes, who had (worthily) succeeded Middleton, as King's commissioner and president of the Council, and by consequence a scrutiny into the proceedings of Sir James Turner, which ended in his dismissal from his Majesty's service, and in the demand of an account of all the monies he had received in pursuance of that service, which, however, was not pushed to the point of an actual restitution by the delicate forbearance of the Privy Council. Our author shall, however, give his own account of the matter, and take his own leave of the reader:

'Many things I acknowledged to have beene done by myselfe, for which I was warranted by my instructions. Many things, indeed, I absolutie denied, because I knew them, *ex certissima scientia*, to be lyes and calumnies. Many things were alleadged in the libell to have beene committed which, though true, could never have reflected on me, in regard I never heard either the actors or the crimes complained of, till I red them, first in the written libell, and then in printed Naphthali.

'By example, where was my fault, if any unchristian horstman under my command, gave the remainder and crums of their dinners to their dogs, not allowing any of them to the children of their landlords? Or if any barbarous sojors (who should have beene at church themselves,) did beate some countrey men, whom they found praying among the rockes, on the Lords day? Or if any prophane and godles trooper said, he would recommend his comrad, who was his comrad, who was a dying, by his letter to a friend of his who was in hell, to provide him good winter quarters; how could these, I say, reflect on me, who never heard of them? Indeed, if complaints had beene made to me, and I had neglected to have punished such offenders, I had deserved to have beene banished out of all Christian societie for ever. But these things are not so much as mentioned in all these depositions which the year after were taken, and upon oath too, from all the people in Galloway and Niddsdaill, where I had quartered; and it is not at all probable such complaints would have beene smothered, where not onlie the people had a libertie, but an encouragement, to speake what they pleasd against me. But well may the nameless libeller, and shameless Naphthali write what they please, so long as they conceale their names, which I never did, nor intends to doe, from any thing I ever wrote in my life.

'But the libeller is more to be excusd than Naphthali, for the first had vented his libell before I was prisoner, and therefore knew not what the Rebels knew afterwards, when they had red my commission, instructions, and all my papers at Damellinton; where they confesd I had not done so much by halfe as by my orders I might have done. They then acknowledged, I nor my party had not got the fourth part of the money wherewith I was charged. This the libeller, I say, did not know, when he wrote his libell. But Naphthali could not but know it before he wrote that impudent booke of his, being he could not but have learned it from the rebels, his deare correspondents. Yet would he choose rather against truth and his own conscience, to grope after the libeller in the darke, then make use of the light he might have borrowd from his own beloved party. What a monstros sounne did they make up, no lesse than seventeen thousand pounds sterling, that I and my parties had got in moneys, meate, quarterings, and bonds; yet the depositions of all those that ever I had cessd or quartered on, being exactlie taken on oath in the end of the year 1667, declares them impudent and shameless lyars; for it is yet to be seene in the councill office, that all which was pretended to have beene taken in three years time in cesse, quarter, meate and drinke, moneys and bonds, yea, and irregular actions and plunderings, did not exceed two thousand seven hundredth and fiftie pounds sterling, not the sixth part of the libeller and Naphthali sounne. But they knew themselves that wrong account is no payment; but to

speake truth, I thinke I have duelt too long with such false accountants.'—Pp. 191—193.

'Having now at length comd to ane end of this tedious and troublesome busiene, wherein, in steade of some gratuite from his Majestic, of which I was made to have great hopes, my livelihood was taken from me, not without some reflection on my reputation; and trulie things being represented so of me to the King, his Majestic might have usd me worse, better he could not; being, I say, at ane end of it, I tooke my leave of the Lords, thankfullie acknowledging the favours I ressavd from some of them: and returning to Glasgow, I found my wife very sicke of a fever, and in a strong apprehension of death; bot it pleased God she recovered, to be a comfort to me after these sad tryalls.

'Since then I have livd private, and though I professe myselfe no stoicke, nor have I indeed that apathie or insensibilitie of the stroakes of fortune and afflictions whereof they foolishlie boast, yet I may without vanitie say, that the Kings displeasure with me being set aside, I have beene bot litle movd with these changes of fortune that hath befallen me; nor have they brangled my resolutions from looking on prosperitie and adversitie with ane equall eye, nor shall hinder me, so farre as God shall enable me with grace, to keepe a good conscience before God, ane unspotted loyaltie to my Prince, and faire and honest dealing with all men, at least in as hie a degree as man in the state of imperfection can reach to.

'I am writing this in the month of Februarie, of the year of our Lord one thousand sixe hundreth three score and ten, and entreing in the sixe and fiftieth year of my oune age, being in indifferent good health; y my body, considering the fatigue of my life, not very crasie; the intellectualls which God hath bestowed upon me, sound enough; and my memorie so good, that though I never used to keepe notes in writing, and that I have written within these four last monthes, the Introduction to my Discourses, and the Introduction to this long Narration with the Narration itselfe, in which are comprehended the most remarkable passages of my life; yet all and everie one of them represented themselves as freshlie to my remembrance as if they had beene bot the occurrences of yesterday. To God onlie wise, be glorie for ever. Amen.' Pp. 227—228.

THE EPPING HUNT.

The Epping Hunt. By Thomas Hood, Esq. Author of 'Whims and Oddities.' Illustrated with six Engravings on Wood, after the Designs of George Cruikshanks.

'Hunt's Roasted.'
12mo. Tilt. London, 1829.

WE shall neither attempt to scrutinize the mode in which ideas are associated in the brains of Mr. Hood, nor to analyse the compound of amusement and absurdity with which he loves to keep our risible muscles in action. The battery of puns, which he has masked beneath the innocent drab cover of the little book before us, will do hardly less execution on the gravity of his readers than any of his previous 'Whims and Oddities;' but Mr. Hood has shown the better part of generalship in not trusting altogether to his former stratagems, and in securing an ally in George Cruikshank, who bears down on us with innumerable bayonet-points of humour, and whose cuts (we have caught the infection) have their full effect given to them by the helping hand of Branstons, Wright, and Bonner. We give the following extract as a specimen:

'Away they went then dog and deer,
And hunters all away,—

The maddest horses never knew
Mad stags, cers such as they!

'Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
And antick'd as they rode,
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen tally-ho'd!

'About two score there were, not more,
That galloped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase!

'But even those that galloped on,
Were fewer every minute,—
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

'For some pulled up, and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and "ran a muck,"
To overtake the dogs.

'And some in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense,
What else could be premised of blades,
That never learn'd to fence?

'But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge nor ditch could stay;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap years in a day!

'And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

'No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bit.

'Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate,—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

"Hold hard! hold hard! you'll lame the dogs!"
Quoth Huggins, "so I do,—
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you!"

'Good lord! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side,
That he was drawing out!

'And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook:
Till bump'd and gall'd—yet not where Gall,
For bumps did ever look!

'And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride;
With every kick he gave a prick,
Deep in the horse's side!

'But soon the horse was well avenged,
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

'Where sharper set than hunger is
He squatted all forlorn;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn!

'Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign:

"Possession is nine points," but his
Seemed more than ninety-nine.

'Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the white
The thorns were running in!

'Now had a Papist seen his sport,
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Altho' no horse he had to cross,
He might have cross'd himself.

'Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair;
A jolly wight there was, that rode
Upon a sorry mare!

'A sorry mare, that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone;
For down upon her knees she went,
To many a stock and stone!

'Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolv'd, by changing horses here,
To hunt another st

'Tho' felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own?

'And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair;
For he seem'd willing, horse and all,
To go before the mare!

'So up on Huggins' horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins mounted on the mare
Done brown upon a bay!

'And off they set, in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The Farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him!

'Alas! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive;
A dab was he, as dabs should be—
All leaping and alive!

'And here of Nature's kindly care
Behold a curious proof,
As nags are meant to leap, she puts
A frog in every hoof!

'Whereas the mare, altho' her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopp'd short
As stiff as any log;

'Whilst Huggins in the stirrup stood
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song—"to see
The gate his hart had gain."

'And lo! the dim and distant hunt
Diminish'd in a trice:
The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
Seem'd dwindling into mice;

'And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark,—
Tho' still the forest murmur'd back
An echo of the bark!

'But sad at soul John Huggins turn'd:
No comfort he could find;
Whilst thus the "Hunting Chorus" sped
To stay five bars behind.

'For tho' by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
Howbeit there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate.

'And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a new Gray's elegy
On his departed gray!"—Pp. 19—26.

MECHANICS.

A concise System of Mechanics in Theory and Practice, with Original and Practical Remarks, Rules, Experiments, Tables, and Calculations, for the Use of Practical Men, by James Hay, Land Surveyor. 8vo. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. 1829.

WE congratulate the author of this little work on the complete success with which he has accomplished the objects which in his title page he professes to have in view. Elementary works on the arts and sciences, those true promoters of all that tends materially to provide for the wants and welfare of mankind, are of infinite utility when written by men who, like Mr. Hay, have a perfect knowledge both of the practice and theory of the subject which they pretend to treat of, and an acquaintance with the particular wants of the class of society to which they address themselves. There is certainly no dearth of treatises on mechanics; but all are either too voluminous, or contain theories of too transcendent a character to be of much assistance to artisans and men whose every day labours require the aid of easy and familiar works, and of such as are directly applicable to practice. Mr. Hay's object has been to supply this deficiency, and, as we have said before, he seems to us to have perfectly succeeded. In his little treatise nothing seems to have been forgotten; the different theories of mechanics are expounded in the order most proper for elucidating them, and for showing their mutual dependence; examples of frequent use follow the different formulæ, show their application,

and serve as guides for occasions which occur in actual practice. The work, besides, abounds with practical remarks; with descriptions of machines, such as that for measuring the friction of wheel carriages, and with useful tables; and with the result of the experiments of our most skilful engineers, on the strength and strain of different materials. The demonstrations employed are simple, sometimes new, always ingenious. Yet they seem to us to have one defect: generally speaking they present themselves in so rapid a manner that the mind of the reader finds it difficult to dwell on them, and thus they fail to carry with them the conviction so desirable in a subject of this importance. Some signs and figures within parenthesis, some additional explanations, which, besides facilitating the mental labour, might teach the language and phraseology of the science, would, we think, have their utility, and would not fail to render the study of this work more easy to those who not being versed in the science are impeded in their progress at every step by what is a merely apparent difficulty. It would be easy for us to support the objection we now advance by references. We shall content ourselves with noticing one instance presented in page 5, where four propositions on the laws of motion are demonstrated by six proportions, which are only intelligible to those who are well acquainted with the science; for the axioms and definitions of which they are the result are not mentioned. Authors who write elementary works should constantly bear in mind that it is the majority they seek to instruct, and that to this majority a full and clear explanation of the subject is always necessary. We cannot help expressing a hope, therefore, that the learned and ingenious author may find an opportunity, at some future period, of giving greater explicitness to some of his demonstrations. We are persuaded that by so doing he will add one more to the many claims to recommendation, which his work already possesses. In conclusion, we think we shall be at once furthering the views of Mr. Hay, and gratifying those among our readers who interest themselves in mechanics, by bringing before them a new practical theorem of some importance, discovered by Mr. Hay, who invites to it the intention of mathematicians and engineers. It is the following:

‘Having the weight that will crush a given body, and the weight that will draw it asunder lengthways; to find the weight that will break it across.

‘Let EBCF be a beam of any material to be broken across at the section EF, it is evident there must be a neutral point or fulcrum somewhere in the section EF, round which the body will turn in breaking; that all the fibres or particles in the part of the section above that point will be torn asunder, while those below it will be crushed inward; that this neutral point will accommodate itself to a situation higher or lower, according as the strength opposed to tearing or crushing may predominate, or to such a point that the forces will balance one another, and that the force exerted upon either section will be equal to the square of its depth in inches, multiplied by the force of 1 inch.

‘Let L = the length of the beam } in inches
D = its depth }
B = its breadth }
t = the cohesive force of 1 inch.
c = the strength opposed to crushing 1 inch.
x = the part of the section above the neutral point.
y = the part of the section below that point.
F = the whole force required to break the beam across.

Then $tx^2 = cy^2$, $x+y = D$, and $(tx^2+cy^2)^{\frac{1}{2}} = F$.

Consequently $x = y\sqrt{\frac{c}{t}} = D - y$, or $y = \sqrt{\frac{t}{t+c+1}}$ and $x = \sqrt{\frac{t}{t+c+1}}$. These values of x and y being substituted

in the third equation, we obtain $F = \frac{(2ct)D^2B}{(t+c+2\sqrt{ct})L}$.

Or if D and B be made each = 1, $F = \frac{2ct}{(t+c+2\sqrt{ct})L}$.

‘Rule in words. Take twice the product of the cohe-

sive and resistive forces of one inch for a dividend. Add the sum of the two forces simply to twice the square root of their product, and multiply the sum by the length of the beam in inches for a divisor. Divide the dividend by the divisor; the quotient is the weight required to break the beam across of 1 inch square when supported at one end. For any other dimensions, multiply by the breadth and square of the depth.

EXAMPLES.

‘The cohesive force of Craigleith stone is 800 lb. for 1 inch, and is crushed with 8000 lb. in round numbers. What weight will break a lintel across 48 inches long, 16 deep, and 9 broad?

$$\frac{8000 \times 800 \times 2}{12800000} = \frac{48 + (8000 + 800 + 2\sqrt{8000 \times 800})}{12800000}$$

$(8800 + 3059) \times 48 = 1924$ lb. = the weight that breaks 1 square inch supported at one end; therefore,

‘ $19.24 \times 16^2 \times 9 \times 2 = 88658$ lb. = 39½ tons = the weight that will break the lintel across supported at both ends, the weight in its middle.

‘The cohesive strength of oak is 11880 lb. on an inch, and is crushed with 3840 lb.; required the weight that will break a beam across 8 feet long, and 4 inches square, supported at both ends.

$$\frac{(11880 + 3840 + 2\sqrt{11880 \times 3840}) \times 4^2 \times 4}{96} = \frac{91713600 \times 64}{29253 \times 96} = 2088$$

lb. = the weight that will break it supported at one end; therefore $2088 \times 2 = 4176$ lb. = the weight that will break it supported at both ends, which also agrees very nearly with experiments.

‘The cohesive strength of cast-iron is 19000 lb. for 1 inch, and it is crushed with 160000, (Mr. Rennie’s experiments in round numbers,) what weight will break 1 foot long, and 1 inch square across, being supported at both ends?

$$\frac{(160000 + 19000 + 2\sqrt{160000 \times 19000}) \times 12}{3471264} = \frac{160000 \times 19000 \times 2}{3471264} = 1750$$

lb. = the weight that will break it if supported at one end; therefore $1750 \times 2 = 3500$ lb. the answer agreeing also with experiments.’

DE BOURRIENNE’S MEMOIRS.

Mémoires de M. de Bourrienne, Ministre d’Etat sur Napoléon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l’Empire et la Restauration. Tomes I. II. III. et IV. 8vo. Paris chez Ladvoat, et Londres chez Barilliére. 1829.

(Concluded from page 594.)

WE shall have failed in the purpose with which we have dwelt so long on the ‘Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne,’ if the extracts already made from his work have not shown more effectually than any remarks of ours could have done, the source whence the publication derives its principal charm. That charm certainly consists in the simplicity and honesty with which the character of Napoleon is exhibited; in the naked unvarnished narration of facts; in the absence of all attempt at making a captivating or striking picture, or at reconciling apparent inconsistencies; and in the freedom from all desire either to exalt or to degrade. Thus, if M. de Bourrienne, in one instance, does justice to the magnanimity with which Napoleon made his private feelings yield to the more important object of the public service; in another, he with equal impartiality represents him swayed by the most petty motives of jealousy to withhold from a brother in arms the acknowledgment and the rewards due to an exploit from which he himself derived no small share of glory.

He shews us the man not devoid of the amiable feelings of human nature, but absorbed by one principal object constantly squaring his actions by the calculations of a policy having for its aim the attainment of that object, and sacrificing to those calculations every worthy sentiment and every honest principle. The few extracts which our

limits will admit of our making, in conclusion, from the last volume yet published of the *Memoirs*, will be chosen in the same desire to show the fair and dark sides of a character, of which so many circumstances combine to render it difficult to form a satisfactory estimate. The first passage we translate, from the fourth volume, presents the First Consul in a most amiable light; and it is but justice to add that instances, corroborative of the view it takes of Napoleon’s disposition, are not unfrequent:

‘Thus were the habits of royalty gradually re-establishing themselves in the ancient residence of the kings. Among the prerogatives enjoyed by the crown and which the Constitution of the year 8 had not conferred on the Chief Consul, there was one which he was especially ambitious of possessing, and in assuming which he was guilty of the most laudable of all usurpations, namely, that of granting pardon. I have given sufficient proofs, I think, that I was never one of Bonaparte’s flatterers; and in my present work I am sufficiently free from the charge of acting the courtier to his memory to be believed, I trust, on my assurance. Bonaparte ever felt a strong desire to save men who had become amenable to the laws; and when the imperious necessity of his policy to which, in truth, he made every thing yield, permitted he experienced a heartfelt joy in the exercise of mercy; he even felt gratitude towards those to whom he had rendered such a service, for having afforded him the opportunity of doing it. Such was the Consul; I do not speak of the Emperor Bonaparte; the First Consul was open to the solicitations of friends in favour of the proscribed.’

We have already alluded to a fit of jealousy of his consort Josephine, with which Napoleon was affected while in Egypt. In the fourth volume, M. de Bourrienne gives us a supplementary history of that affection as he gathered it from a conversation with M. Collot. It is as follows:

‘A short time before the establishment of the Consulate, that is to say, two or three days after our return from Egypt, Bonaparte, at the height of his jealous feelings towards Josephine, spoke with M. Collot of his wife, her levities, and their publicity. “There shall be no longer any thing in common between her and me.” “What would you quit her?” “Has she not deserved that I should do so?”—“I do not know; but is this the moment to think about doing so? Think of France. The eyes of the whole country are fixed on you. It is expected that your every moment should be devoted to its safety. Should you appear to be troubled with domestic broils, your greatness disappears; you will be no longer in the eyes of the nation but one of Molière’s husbands. Leave alone, for the present, the errors of your wife. If you are not satisfied with her, you may repudiate her when you have nothing else to do; but begin by raising up the state from its fallen condition. When that shall be done, you may find a thousand reasons to justify your resentment; at present France will not admit any, and you too well know our manners not to feel how important it is not to commence your career by appearing ridiculous.” Bonaparte allowed M. Collot to go on speaking a considerable time; and the latter thought he had made some impression, when suddenly the General broke out, exclaiming, “No, I am determined; she shall not again set foot in my house. What signifies it to me what the world says? People may gossip about it for a day or two; on the third they will cease to concern themselves about it; in the midst of events, which are crowding fast on one another, what will a family rupture be? Mine will not be perceived. My wife shall go to Malmaison. I will remain here. The public knows too much already to mistake the reason of the separation.”

‘M. Collot tried in vain to bring him back to more moderate feelings. Bonaparte burst forth into reproaches and abuse. “All this violence,” said M. Collot, “proves to me that you continue attached to her. You will see her, she will justify herself, you will forgive her, and you will be then more tranquil.” “I forgive her, never; you know me well! Were I not sure of myself, I would tear my heart from my bosom; I would throw it into the fire.” Saying these words he became almost choked with anger, and lifted his hands to his breast as if to tear it.

‘Some moments after this violent access, M. Collot

took his departure; but before he went, Napoleon invited him to breakfast the next morning.

'M. Collet presented himself at ten o'clock, and on crossing the court was apprised of the arrival, during the night, of Madame Bonaparte, who had been as far as Lyons to meet her husband, but had missed him on the road. On seeing M. Collet, Bonaparte appeared a good deal embarrassed; he went out to meet him however, and conducted him into another room, not wishing, as on the preceding evening, to have him in the cabinet where we worked, because I was there. "Well," said Bonaparte to Collet, as soon as they were alone, "well, she's here." "I am glad of it. You have done well both as regards yourself and us." "Do not think I have forgiven her. Never. To live in doubt. Her frankness! I put her from me on her arrival; and that simpleton Joseph, who was present! But what would you have, Collet? She went down stairs weeping, and I saw Hortense and Eugene following her, sobbing as they went. I have not a heart to see unmoved the flowing of tears. Eugene was with me in Egypt. I had accustomed myself to look on him as my adopted son; he is so brave and so good a youth. Hortense is about to enter on the world; all who know her speak well of her. I confess it, Collet, I was deeply affected; I was not able to resist the sobs of those two children; I asked myself ought they to be made the victims of their mother's faults; I held back Eugene; Hortense returned with her mother. I said nothing. What would you have had me do? To be man is to be weak." "They will reward you, be assured." They ought to, Collet; they ought to, for it costs me much." After this colloquy, Bonaparte came back, and M. Collet followed him into the dining-room, where I then was, and talking over the matter afterwards, M. Collet and I both remembered that Eugene sat down to dinner, but that neither Hortense nor Josephine were there, but on the following day nothing was wanting to complete the reconciliation between the conqueror of Egypt and the charming woman who had subjugated Bonaparte.'

Of the fascinating powers of that amiable personage, Monsieur de Bourrienne furnishes a striking instance in a remark made by Napoleon on the pleasure he derived from the applause with which he was received by the populace of Paris on appearing amongst them after the battle of Marengo. 'Bourrienne,' said he, 'do you hear those shouts of acclamations which have not yet ceased! they are as sweet to me as the sound of Josephine's voice. How happy I am to be the object of the love of such a people.'

The following particulars respecting the important battle of Marengo are curious, more especially as exhibiting the character of Napoleon in such opposite lights:

'The battle was considered to be lost, and it was so in fact, for the Chief Consul having asked Desaix what he thought of it, that brave and good general answered, without the least intention to boast, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock; we have time to-day to gain one." The First Consul himself reported to me in the evening these simple and heroic expressions of Desaix. Who would have thought that the little column and the handful of heavy cavalry of Kellerman would have changed at five o'clock the fortune of the day. For it cannot be denied that it was the sudden inspiration of Kellerman which converted defeat into victory, and decided the gaining of the battle of Marengo.

'This memorable battle, the consequences of which were incalculable, has been the subject of various recitals. Bonaparte began the account of it three times, and I am bound to say, that neither of those accounts contained the truth any more than that which is given in the "Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo." And there is moreover this to be remarked, that the Emperor Napoleon was not satisfied with the report given of it by the First Consul. For my own part, as I had not the honour of wearing a sword, I cannot say of any movement that it was executed in the one or the other manner; but I may be allowed to call to mind here, as having been heard and seen, what was said on the evening of the battle, on the various chances of that great day. As to the part which the First Consul acted, perhaps what has been already said of him in these Memoirs, has given sufficient insight into his cha-

acter to explain it. He was unwilling that a result so decisive should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations of his genius; and this genius has displayed itself on so many occasions, so real and so vast, that were I less acquainted with his insatiable thirst for glory, I should be surprised at the kind of half dissatisfaction which he showed at the cause of his success in the midst of his joy at the success itself. It must be owned that in this point he did not resemble Jourdan, Hoche, Kleber, and Moreau, who always evinced an anxiety to render full justice to the services of those who had fought under their orders.

'Returning with the Consul to head quarters, in the evening, he expressed to me his great regret at the loss of Desaix, and then said, "That little Kellerman made a happy charge; he attacked most apropos; we owe him much. See on what affairs turn."

Yet on seeing Kellerman, all that the Consul said to him was, "You made a very fair charge there." He did not make him a general of division on the field of battle. M. de Bourrienne bears the following testimony to the sincere grief of Napoleon at the death of Desaix:

'When we were alone I said to the First Consul, "A glorious victory, general! you remember what you said to me, the other day, of the pleasure you would have in seeing Paris after a grand blow struck in Italy? You must be well satisfied?" "Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied, but Desaix! Ah, what a day it would have been could I but have embraced him after the battle was over." And he with difficulty refrained from tears, so true and deep was the grief which he felt at the death of his friend. Desaix was certainly the man whom he most loved, most esteemed, and most regretted.'

M. de Bourrienne adds his testimony to the many previous evidences to the same effect, that the expressions inserted in the Bulletin as the last words of Desaix, are perfectly supposititious. M. de Bourrienne says on this subject:

'The death of Desaix has been related in different manners, and it is scarcely necessary for me to say that the words put into his mouth by the fabulous bulletin were merely imaginary. He did not die in the arms of his aid-de-camp Lebrun, as I had to write under the dictation of the First Consul; nor did he utter the speech which I had likewise to write on the same authority. The following, if not the exact account of his death is the most probable. The fall of Desaix was not perceived at the moment when he was struck with the ball which put an end to his days. He fell without uttering a word at a short distance from Lefebvre Desnouettes. A serjeant of battalion of the 9th brigade light infantry, commanded by Barrois, now General Barrois, seeing an officer stretched on the ground, asked permission to go and take his cloak; this had a hole through the back, a circumstance which has left it in doubt whether he was killed by the awkwardness of his own soldiers while he charged at their head, or by the enemy as he turned to encourage his followers. For the rest, the shock in which he fell was of such short duration, the disorder so instantaneous, the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not at all surprising that the circumstances of his death have never been ascertained in a positive manner.'

We shall conclude our extracts with the following, which to us appears, on more than one account, among the most amusing and interesting passages in all the four volumes. The publication alluded to was a pamphlet entitled 'Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte,' which had created considerable sensation in Paris, and to which M. de Bourrienne more than hints that the First Consul himself was privy, although circumstances rendered it necessary for him to discountenance and ostensibly condemn it:

'After the ill success which attended the publication of the wily pamphlet I have alluded to, I was invited to dine with Fouché. As it was the desire of the Chief Consul that I should dine out as seldom as possible, I acquainted him with the invitation, and he immediately consented to my accepting it. Fouché placed Joseph Bonaparte on his right hand, and me next to Joseph. During the whole time we were at table, Joseph talked of nothing but of the First Consul and his designs, of the

pamphlet, and of the bad effect it had produced. Both in his questions and in his observations a tone of blame and disapprobation was perceivable. I did not disguise my sentiments, which accorded with his own words, but which I expressed rather more broadly than I had done to his brother. He seemed to approve my way of thinking; his confidence encouraged me, and it was with pleasure that I saw him enter cordially into a system which I cherished. He was so completely unrestrained, that, in spite of all my experience, I was far from suspecting that I was discoursing with a first-rate spy; yet I knew enough of him to have had some misgivings. But who is there that is not sometimes deceived? The day after this meeting, the First Consul said to me somewhat drily, "*Leave my letters in the basket; I will open them.*" This suddenly surprised me; but as I had nothing to reproach myself with, I resolved to divert myself at the expense of his mistrust thus displayed without any cause assigned: I placed at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I recognised to be those of the ministers, and all the reports which came to the First Consul under cover to me; while I placed uppermost all the letters of least importance, or at any rate those which habit and the style of superscription enabled me to judge to be so: such were requests to name a number for a lottery ticket, that the applicant might share Napoleon's good fortune; prayers that he would stand godfather to a child; solicitations for places; announcement of marriages and births; ridiculous panegyrics, fulsome anonymes, &c.

'The opening of all these letters, to which he was not accustomed, put him out of patience, and he unfolded very few of them. Often the very same day, and certainly on the morrow, a new letter would come from a minister, requesting an answer to that of the morning, and complaining of not having sooner received a reply. The Chief Consul broke the seals of about a dozen letters, and left the rest: for knowing by the form, the stamp, and the seal, the letters that demanded answers to former ones, I had placed them below all the others.

'Unwilling to carry this trick too far, and to remain longer in the false position into which the babbling of Joseph had thrown me, I determined to put an end to it. The fourth day, after our evening's work which had been disagreeable, and often interrupted by peevishness and sparring, I let him go down stairs to bed. Half an hour afterwards I repaired to his chamber: I had always free access, let the hour be what it might. I had a light in my hand; I took a chair, went directly to his bedside, and placed the candle on the night table. Bonaparte awoke, as did Josephine likewise: "What's the matter, then?" said he, with some surprise. "General I come to declare that I cannot remain with you; my place without your confidence is not tenable. You know how completely I am devoted to you; if you have any thing to reproach me with at least let me know what it is, but the situation in which I have been for these three days past is too painful for me to endure." Josephine asked him eagerly. "What has he done then, Bonaparte?" "That is no concern of thine." Then turning to me, "Yes, I have cause to complain of you; I know that you have spoken of affairs of moment in a way that is not to my interest." "I can assure you that to your brother Joseph alone have I so spoken; he led me on to do so; and he is certainly too well informed of every thing for it to be possible that I should impart to him any secret. I talked with him of an affair equally well known to both of us; he has communicated what he has thought proper to you; but might I not have done the same thing by him—accuse him as he has accused me, and betray as he has done with regard to me, the confidence he made to me. Ought I besides, General, to find an inquisitor in your brother?" "Yes, I confess it; after what Joseph told me I thought it necessary to put my confidence in quarantine: it has lasted three days, enough. Come, Bourrienne, let the matter end here; let us say no more about it. Open my letters; you will find a long arrar; it annoyed me too much, and besides I found none but nonsensical trifles."

'I can almost fancy to this moment that I hear the good Josephine, half raising herself in bed, say to him in her delightful and gentle way, "What, Bonaparte! and could you suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you! nay, who is your only friend! How could you allow such a snare to be laid for him? A dinner made on pur-

pose! Oh, my God! how I detest this same police of yours!" Bonaparte then began to laugh, and said to her good humouredly, "Come, come, you mind your knitting; women know nothing about matters of government." It was nearly two o'clock when I retired.

"When I saw the First Consul in the morning, he was more kind to me than ever, and I perceived that for the moment every cloud was dissipated."

Notwithstanding the length of time the 'Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne' have occupied us, and the no small labour which the mere transcribing the extracts has cost us, we part from them at last with regret. We trust that the passages which we have selected have contributed to the amusement of our readers, and will excuse us in their eyes for attempting in this manner to fill up an interval during which the presses of our own country are reposeing. We look forward, with much satisfaction, to the appearance of the future volumes.

TOPOGRAPHY OF SOMERSET.

Delineations of the North Western Division of the County of Somerset, and of its Antediluvian Bone Caverns, with a Geological Sketch of the District. By John Rutter, Author of 'Fonthill and its Abbey Delineated.' 8vo. Longman, Rees, and Co. London, 1829.

The apropos appearance of this volume would decide a wavering mind to make the rich and pleasant county of Somerset the scene of his autumnal peregrinations. How much more agreeable than the loo and raffle tables of a cockney-thronged watering place would it be to ramble from village to village, abandoning the highways and taking the bye-ways, to go steeple-hunting after the picturesque churches and the seats of opulent gentry, of which so many inviting specimens are here presented to us! The scenery of Somerset, we believe, compared with some other counties of England, is not of a very striking or imposing character; but it is precisely of that nature which would be most congenial to the temper of a mind in search rather of repose than of excitement. Its aspect is that of amenity rather than of grandeur; still it abounds, however, in objects of pleasing interest. In the number, elegance, and beauty of its rural churches and towers it is not surpassed by any shire in England; and the shores of the Bristol Channel afford a pleasing variety to the more confined inland views. There is much therefore to gratify the lover of the picturesque either in art or nature, while the geological curiosities in which it abounds afford an opportunity of indulging in more profound pursuits. These curiosities are most numerous in the parts of the country which Mr. Rutter has undertaken to delineate, and they accordingly form the most important part of his volume, which, however, is in other respects an excellent specimen of topographical publication. Among the peculiar local usages which it mentions is the following account of a custom in the village of Congresbury, which to us appears rare and curious, and will be so probably to many of our readers:

"In this parish and the contiguous one of Puxton, were two large pieces of common land called East and West Dolemoors*, which were occupied till within these few years in the following remarkable manner. The land was divided into single acres, each bearing a peculiar mark, cut in the turf, such as a horn, an ox, a horse, a cross, an oven, &c. On the Saturday before old midsummer day, the several proprietors of contiguous estates, or their tenants, assembled on these commons, with a number of apples, marked with similar figures, which were distributed by a boy to each of the commoners from a bag. At the close of the distribution, each person repaired to the allotment with the figure corresponding to the one upon his apple, and took possession of that piece of land for the ensuing year. Four acres were reserved to pay the expenses of an entertainment at the house of the overseer of the Dolemoors, where the evening was spent in festivity."—P. 26.

* From the Saxon Dol, share or portion.

The fossil remains discovered in different caverns of the Mendip Hills are known to have engaged the attention of naturalists throughout Europe. The universal interest attached to the subject induces us to extract the following account of the result of the researches in one of those caverns situated near the village of Hutton:

"In the city library at Bristol, are preserved a collection of bones, which were presented by the Rev. Dr. Catcott, who was instrumental to their discovery, in a cavern on the Mendip Range, south of the village of Hutton. The hill here rises to the elevation of three to four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and abounds with ochre, calamine and galena, which were worked to a considerable extent, about the middle of the last century.

"The miners having opened an ochre pit, came to a fissure in the limestone rock, filled with good ochre, which being continued to the depth of eight yards, opened into a cavern, the floor of which consisted also of ochre; and strewn on its surface, were large quantities of white bones, which were found dispersed through the ochreous mass. In the centre of the chamber, a large stalactite depended from the roof; beneath which, a corresponding pillar of stalagmite arose from the floor.

"In Dr. Catcott's learned and ingenious 'Treatise on the Deluge,' he mentions this discovery, and states that, in company with two or three friends, he descended into a cavern, about ninety feet deep, around whose sides, and from the roof, the bones projected, so as to represent the inside of a charnel house; that they extracted a great many bones of different land animals, until the roof and sides beginning to yield, they ascended, purposing to return when it should be properly secured by wood work. That on his expressing his intention, a few weeks after, of visiting it again, he was informed the whole had fallen in, and was inaccessible.

"These remarks first directed the attention of the Rev. David Williams, of Bleadon, to the discovery of elephants' and other animal bones on Hutton Hill.

"The following extracts from a letter, addressed by the Rev. Mr. Williams to the Rev. Mr. Patteson, descriptive of the several caverns at Uphill, Hutton, Banwell, Sandford, and Burrington; which, though printed for private circulation, has not as yet been published, will be found highly interesting to the scientific reader:

"The first shaft was drawn to the depth of seventy feet, but proved quite a failure, and is marked A on the section. The next was more successful, and the third completely so. After working some time, they opened into what may be termed three chambers in the fissure, the floor of the one above, forming the roof of the one below, and consisting of huge fragments of the rock, which have sunk away and jammed themselves between the strata; their intersections being filled with ochreous rubble and bones. The strata on each side, dip about north, with a variation of about ten degrees in their inclination; the south cliff dipping at an angle of about seventy-five degrees, and the northern about sixty-five degrees; though in the shaft first drawn, which is not more than ten yards distant, and in other places near, still more irregularly. The whole of this part of the hill appears more like the tremendous croulement of an adjacent mountain, than the conformable super-position of stratified rocks. It is difficult to imagine a scene evincing greater disturbances; the whole region appears to have been displaced and shattered by the convulsing efforts of some mighty agent, elevating some strata, and depressing others, thereby creating chasms and fissures through the whole.

"These rocks are mostly filled with ochre and ochreous rubble, throughout which the bones are generally disposed; the principal of these are, elephant, tiger, hyæna, bear, wolf, horse, hare, rabbit, fox, rat, mouse, and bird. There has been found no more trace of the ox tribe here, than there is of the horse in Banwell; although the ox is as abundant there as the horse is here.

"Among the many curious and interesting specimens which have been discovered, the following deserve particular notice; viz. the milk teeth and bones of a calf elephant; the molars and bones of another young one, about a size larger; of the full-grown animal are two

humeri, two femora, two tusks,* and five molars; so that independent of the young ones, we have the principal remains of at least one animal of this class. Dr. Catcott obtained from this hill, six molars, four femora, one head, three ribs, and a tusk; making altogether found here, eleven molars, six femora, two humeri, one head, three ribs, and three tusks. Thus, the number of molars and femora prove that three large animals were deposited here.

"There are also specimens of two hyænas of the extinct species, with the jaw and bones of a young tiger, which was just shedding his teeth when fate arrested him. The young tusks may now be seen in the act of replacing the milk teeth. There is no appearance of gnawed bone, and only two specimens have been discovered of *album græcum*. There are the remains of several wolves, and of the horse of different ages and sizes, from the little Shetland up to the great London dray-horse. Also of the fox, hare, rabbit, rat, and mouse. Besides these are also the farcules of two birds of a large species, probably of the pelican tribe; judging from the knobs on each side, to which some very strong tendons had been attached, it appears to have been provided with great powers of running, or of sustaining itself on the wing.

"Dr. Catcott says, he found a great many bones in the ochre; hitherto none have been found in the recent research, though it has as yet been but imperfectly examined. The bones hitherto procured have been extracted at different depths, varying from fifteen to fifty feet; the elephant and tiger lay about eighteen feet deep. There are some good specimens of bony breccia, but no pebbles have yet been discovered."—Pp. 101—104.

The 'Delineations' are enriched with numerous embellishments. Some of the copper-plate prints are very fair; several of the lithographic plates are execrable; the vignettes are the best.

Westminster Review. Sept. 1829.

THIS is beyond contradiction the mechanical age, as some of its satirists in derision have been pleased to call it. The venerable patriarch of a philosophy which is stigmatised more especially as mechanical, appears determined to secure his full share of the benefits of the universal mechanism. Not only, we are credibly informed, does he ventilate and warm himself by strange and complex enginery, but he has finally dispensed with human labour altogether in the conduct of 'The Westminster Review.' The editor, we are credibly informed, is the only human being on the establishment; and is merely employed in sorting and arranging the 'articles' which the critical machine throws off with unrivalled celerity and precision, on the eve of every quarter, from the first of January inclusive. It is a proof of the perfection to which the useful arts are carried by the aid of such munificent patrons, that an answer to the criticisms of Mr. Macauley has been actually written, printed, sewed up, and published in the short space which has elapsed between the appearance of the last 'Edinburgh,' and that of the present number of 'The Westminster.'

* These tusks are much curved, and have suffered a very extensive fracture, probably from the collision of two rocks. Of the fragments which are preserved, one is two feet four inches long, and sixteen inches in circumference; the other is about four feet and a half long. One of the molar teeth is three inches across, and five inches deep, from the grinding surface to the tang. It is broken and several of the centre laminae are gone, but its proportions are altogether much larger than a full-sized molar tooth, in possession of Mr. Beard, taken from a recent animal.—D. W.

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COLERIDGE AND THE GERMANS.

A DIALOGUE.

ARTHEGALL.—Pray, who writes those articles in the Foreign Review about the Germans?

PHEDON.—Mr. Carlyle, of Edinburgh, the translator of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and the author of an indifferent 'Life of Schiller,' the same who wrote that excellent answer to Mr. Jeffrey's attack on Burns.

ARTHEGALL.—I have not seen it, where did it appear?

PHEDON.—In 'The Edinburgh Review,' of course; where else should a reply to an article of Mr. Jeffrey's appear? In former days he undertook, in person, the task of confuting himself, but growing idle during the latter years of his government, he delegated it to some of the young clerks.

ARTHEGALL.—I have always considered that libel upon Burns the most wicked article in 'The Edinburgh Review.'

PHEDON.—Worse than the attacks upon Wordsworth and Coleridge?

ARTHEGALL.—If it were an English book I should say no; and for filthy vituperation it certainly bore no comparison with the reviews of 'Christabel,' and the first 'Lay Sermon;' but, considering that it was written by and for a Scotchman, I think it occupies in literary history the next bad eminence to Voltaire's 'Pucelle.'

PHEDON.—I do not see the parallel.

ARTHEGALL.—Because you have been accustomed to consider the atrocity of the 'Pucelle' as consisting in its foulness. I consider that only the appropriate gilding or stuccoing to an infamous design. Voltaire (resembling in this respect the orthodox Mitford, whose spite against Plutarch is so amusing, and the whig Hallam, who is determined not to leave one honest English reputation standing,) was anxious to reduce history to a flat, dreary, philosophical plane, to overturn every mound and tumulus which had been thrown up by human will or genius, to leave no record of spiritual energy. He had good easy ground to work upon, but still there were some excrescences even there: the most remarkable was the beautiful narrative of the inspired Virgin. The disagreeable object stared him in the face; he found it impossible by any cunning disposition of historical light and shade, to persuade his countrymen that it was an optical delusion; all that remained for him was to blow it up with the gunpowder of his unclean imagination. The stench, as I have said, followed necessarily from the materials which he employed.—To return, however. Did you read the article on Novalis, in 'The Foreign Review'?

PHEDON.—Read it? Why—no—in a general sense of the word, I may say I read it. He is a very lively writer, Mr. Carlyle.

ARTHEGALL.—Very; more lively than useful, I am inclined to think, in these German articles.

PHEDON.—Why I thought you were a follower of that heresy. What can you find objectionable in an article which exalts Kant, and lauds Mr. Coleridge?

ARTHEGALL.—I find nothing so objectionable in the whole production as that very lauding of Mr. Coleridge. It is most insidious and mischievous, and any admirer of this great neglected man of genius would ten thousand times rather read one of Hazlitt's foul-mouthed libels upon him than such a panegyric. It pleases the reviewer to say, that Mr. Coleridge is teaching the alphabet and horn-book of that philosophy which the Germans are teaching in the form of grammar and rhetorical compend. The assertion is not true, not a word nor a letter of it.

PHEDON.—I own I have been labouring under the mistake which you denounce so vehemently. You think, then, that Coleridge is as competent to instruct the preceptors in his school, as Novalis, or any German mystic.

ARTHEGALL.—No, my dear friend, but I deny that it is the same school. I deny that their objects are

the same; that their means are the same; that they have any thing in common, except that their difference from a third set, which is a singular ground for affirming an identity between them.

PHEDON.—But Coleridge has the reputation of being a great reader of the German philosophers.

ARTHEGALL.—If Mr. Coleridge is to be accused of belonging to every sect in the doctrines of which he is deeply versed, I believe there are very few in the ancient or modern world which might not claim him. But there is the most obvious, the most remarkable difference in the aims, after which he and they are respectively striving. The ultimate object of the Germans (when they have one,) is to frame a philosophy. The ultimate end of Coleridge is to form men. The one teach that except men subject their wills to reason, they will never meditate to any purpose; the other that, except they meditate, they can never subject their wills to reason. The one says, if you would think, you must live: the other, if you would live, you must think. All other differences may be traced to this. Among the Germans, religion is considered a good, perhaps the best, stepping stone to philosophy. In Coleridge it is both the beginning and end of philosophy. German philosophers employ themselves in interpreting the feelings of the vulgar. Coleridge exerts himself to raise them. The Germans, if they happen to think that their philosophy is likely to gain more by the experience which they will acquire in sensuality, than it will lose by the diminution of their intellectual clearness, indulge their animal propensities with satisfaction and pride; Coleridge, who is a man, knows that the animal natures of men (whatever may be the case with those of philosophers,) do not need to be cultivated, and that they do need to be repressed by every aid and appliance from the spiritual will.

PHEDON.—These are differences certainly.

ARTHEGALL.—They are indeed, and they lead to practical consequences. One of the most important is, that Coleridge is an object of much more intense and venomous hatred to the epicurean tribe than any German philosopher whatever. Take him from what corner of the sty he will—

PHEDON.—My dear friend, pray have some delicacy. You remember I am an inhabitant of that sty.

ARTHEGALL.—Yes; but you are not an irritable enough pig, for my purpose. I must have one who is moderately tolerant; yet not so, but that he will squeak and grunt, if he is very much assailed, or if any clean liquid is accidentally thrown into his wash. Give such a pig (it must be a learned one, not one which will swear that it cannot make out the letters) Novalis's Schriften and Coleridge's works, and I will venture any wager, that if it throws down the German with the exclamation—'fool,' or 'idiot,' 'canting hypocrite' will be the mildest term of vituperation which it bestows upon the Englishman. This is a distinction of which our countryman has a right to be proud! But yet he has a far nobler; I mean in the different treatment which he receives from the coxcombs who profess to be anti-epicureans. If the fire blazes well, and the chairs are constructed on comfortable principles, and the claret is sincere and sound, youths of this description will talk whole hours by Shrewsbury clock, about beauty and good and truth, and the inward life and the divine idea; and the more prescient of them will be well provided with the names of the less known German philosophers to astonish the weaker brethren with; and they will have a few of the worst paradoxes of these men aptly conned over for quotation; and, in short, they will fancy themselves lineal descendants of those who bore part in the *noctes canaque decorum* of Horace, though a shrewd person might detect this flaw in their pedigree, that while the old Romans discussed—

—Utrumque

Divitibus homines aut sint virtute beati

Quæ sit natura boni: summumque quid ejus;

because they believed this was

Quod aut nos,

PERTINET et nescire MALUM est,

Their modern imitators think it of just equal importance,

* Malè necne Lepos saliet,

and in fact introduce the one kind of conversation only as a relief to the other. But they have no fancy for Coleridge. He only teaches the alphabet; and such advanced scholars as they are, must have the 'Rhetorical Compend.' Moreover, he teaches in such a strange fashion; he supplies so very few cranks or resting places, to the memory; he is so deficient in a nomenclature; and, last and worst of all, he builds so much upon actual reflection, actual meditation, and actual experience, and treats with so little ceremony the admirable machines which the genius of the nineteenth century has substituted for those old and inconvenient processes, that he is much less fit for the saloon than for the closet, where the persons I allude to are in no want of him, having convenient editions of 'Faublas' and 'Petronius Arbitr.'

PHEDON.—Η κεν γνήσιον Περικλῆος Περικλῆος τι παῖδες

Εἰ σφῶν ταῖς πάντα πύθιατο μαρτυροῦναι,

which is being translated: doubtless old Mr. Bentham and all the young Benthamids would be in very high spirits if they heard that a war had commenced between the Germans and the Coleridgians.

ARTHEGALL.—Poor creatures! it is well they should have a little enjoyment now and then to diversify their tedious existence. But nothing can be further from my intention than to speak disparagingly of a nation which next to our own and the Spanish has produced more remarkable persons than any other since the age of Constantine. All I complain of is the evil disposition which prevails in certain quarters to glorify them at the expense of our own great men. I think the origin of the disposition may be discovered. The poison which the 'Edinburgh Review' has sent through the veins of vulgar men, has infected more than they care to acknowledge, the superior intellects of our day. Now the whole mind of Germany is critical: poets, philosophers, divines, philologists, all are critical, and they have produced the best criticism which the world has ever seen. How likely were those whom a sound education had preserved from the principles of our reviewers, but whom the critical spirit had nevertheless inoculated, to conceive a mighty reverence for those who at once supplied good answers to the doctrines which they disapproved, and a gratification to the temper which they had imbibed. When we take up a bad criticism, it is difficult to help feeling, however we may have fortified our minds, for a few moments, that the man who assumes so much authority is greater than he over whom he assumes it; how much more unavoidable is such a feeling when all that the critic says is true and wise; for it does not the least diminish our reverence, but very much increases it, that he expresses profound admiration for his author, and in comparison depreciates himself. Such beautiful modesty only prepossesses us more in his favour, and leads us to believe that, besides his insight, which enables him to criticise, he must have genius which enables him to admire. All this while, however, a mischievous spirit is creeping unawares into the mind of the student. He is acquiring a great many phrases about the importance of love and admiration, but he is losing the things themselves; he is becoming deeply convinced that genius is a transcendent and life-giving power, but the life does not reach his heart as it did once when he knew not whence it came or what it was; he is discovering new beauties in writings which he knew to be beautiful before, but the discovery arises from the critic, and the critic has the credit of them. Then do men come back from the schools of Germany and tell us that, truly, our Shakspeare is the most wonderful of all men, but then it was Schlegel who found it out; that we had also some other very remarkable men flourishing about the same time, whom Tieck benevolently patronises; that with respect to the veneration which we have been wont to feel for a certain blind old man who lived half a century afterwards, it is not altogether misplaced, and that his principal work might really be made a very respectable poem, if

Herr Schlegel could be induced to undertake the revision of it, and to fit the devils with tails. Also, that we had certain other men bearing the uncouth names of Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, South, out of whom some gems might be picked, if those lynx-eyed philosophers over the water could but find time to undertake the office of looking for them; also that in our history there were some men called Latimer, Sidney, Hampden, Falkland, and others, who, if there were only some accomplished German to write our history, would appear to be deserving of commemoration. Since that time we have had nobody of note. There was indeed one diligent man in the last age, called Burke, who did a kind of service which more spiritual persons might not have been induced to perform, and even appears to have had a keenness of insight in his own particular direction, with which men, the orbit of whose vision is more extensive are scarcely endowed; but there is not much to be said of him. And more recently we have had some poems called the 'Excursion' and 'Christabel,' which are mere alphabets and hornbooks of that poetry which Faust, and Götz von Berlichingen present to us in the form of grammar and 'Rhetorical Compend.' Oh! I am weary of such nonsense. Let us revere genius in whatever climate we meet with it, but let us remember that if our worship be sincere anywhere, it must be fervent towards the genius of our own land. Philosophy and poetry are not bales of goods which will be imported whenever the duties on their transmission are taken off; they must grow up in our national mind, they must be nourished by our national atmosphere; if it be a cloudy one we cannot help that, and the Germans confess that a few goodly plants have been brought to maturity in it. In short, Phedon, if the controversy about the excellence of the pyromantic and the geomantic spirits, which was carried on six hundred years ago, at Oxenford, and is so faithfully reported by our old dramatist, Robert Green, (one of those whom our neighbours have so obligingly noticed)—if this controversy is to be renewed, I am sorry for it. I cannot see why each country should not be allowed to use its separate incantations, and why the power of both should not be acknowledged without backbitings and murmurings. But, as on that occasion, it is the German who provokes the dispute, and who, I prophesy, will be the greater sufferer by it. Hitherto only our friar Bungay had come into the field, and he has said, and most truly, in the main—

'I tell thee, German, magic haunts the grounds,
And those strange necromantic spells
That work such shows and wonderings in the world,
Are acted by the Geomantic spirits,
Whom Hermes calleth *Terra Fili*.
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades
That lightly pass as heralds to bring news,
But earthly fiends closed in the lowest deep
Discover mountains if they be but charged,
g more gross and massy in their power.'

And what though he has not always been able to sustain this profession in action; what though he was only able to bring a tree from the garden of the Hesperides, laden with its golden fruits; and that Vandermast has been able to raise a Hercules who broke off some of its fair branches? The triumph shall not last long, for we have our Friar Bacon as well as our Friar Bungay, (what if he should be the very compiler of that German alphabet?) and when he enters we shall see whether Hercules does not know his master! We shall hear him say before the terrified magician:

'I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as this Vandermast;
I come to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose.
And for this German, troubles but the place
And holds the audience with a long suspense,
I'll bid him to his academy hence.
Thou, Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German into Hapsburgh straight,
That he may learn by travel 'gainst the spring

More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree and thou away with it!

PHEDON.—(Starting up, and rubbing his eyes.)—
My dear Arthegall, do not be so furious with the waiter. He is a very civil man generally.

TRAVELS IN PERSIA.

(Fragments from an Unpublished Journal.)

(Continued from p. 567.)

THE ARAXIS.

THE ARAXIS was known to the ancients by the name of Araxis. There were more than one river of this name in the East: and they seem to have been sometimes confounded with each other. It forms a very striking feature in the geography of the country through which it runs. It is, next to the Volga, the largest river that falls into the Caspian Sea. It is the northern boundary of Media Atropatia, which it separates from Armenia, and also from the provinces of Shirwan and Shekkie, part of the ancient Albania. Media Atropatia, or Atropatene, is known by the natives under the name of Azirbejan, or at least is included in that province, since some of the Persians consider Azirbejan as extending as far as the Caucasus. Armenia still retains its ancient name. The Arras rises in a mountain a little to the eastward of Arzeroom, within a few leagues of the source of the Euphrates. It runs eastward until it arrives nearly opposite to Erivan, or at least until it receives the Arpachael, the river which separates the dominions of Turkey from those of Persia. It then takes a southerly direction, passes the foot of Mount Ararat, and runs through a level country as far as the small fort Abbasaba. It there enters a narrow valley, through which, being much compressed, it flows with amazing rapidity. At the extremity of the valley is the ancient city of Ivolfa, where there are the remains of a bridge, supposed to have been built by the Romans, during the reign of Augustus, and the same celebrated by Virgil, in the eighth book of the *Æneid*. Emerging from these rocks, it runs to the eastward and northward in a wider channel, until it gets between the high rocks of Caradagh and the mountains of Carabagh. Here its channel is again confined, and is crossed by another bridge, called Pool i Khoda Afreen, the bridge built by God. It then runs between the flat part of Caradagh and the plain of Moghan. At the south-eastern extremity of the former, it receives the Kur or Cyrus, at the village of Jowad. The united streams then run together in a south-easterly direction to the Caspian. At their mouth is a large island, called Salian, where the Russians come to feed and catch an immense quantity of sturgeon, from which they prepare the caviare and isinglass.

Herodotus mentions, that the banks of this river are inhabited by ichthyophagi: and at this day there are wandering tribes who come down to the side of the Arras in winter, about Moghan and Shirwan, who make their bread of dried fish. The desert of Moghan is noted for its numerous serpents; they prevented Pompey from pursuing the Albanians, as we read in Plutarch, and, in 1811, the Persian army, under Abbas Mirza, was prevented wintering in Moghan by the same cause.

VIEW OF MOUNT ARARAT.

Shortly after the passage of the Allinjeck, a river which rises in the mountains, and falls into the Araxis, near Ivolfa, the traveller enjoys a fine view of the plain of Nukshivan, spread over an immense expanse at his feet, having, in the midst, the city of the same name, situated on a rising ground, about ten miles off. But the most striking object which presents itself in this view, is Mount Ararat, which, rises at the opposite extremity of the plain, at the distance of nearly eighty miles, without a single intervening hill to break the line of its declivity, so that it is seen at once from the base to the summit. It rises in the form of an enormous pyramid, about a fourth part covered with snow, and appears per-

fectly isolated, for the ranges of mountains near it, although much more lofty than the highest mountains of Great Britain, are mere mole-hills beside it.

PERSIAN QUACKERY.

Almost all the diseases of the Persians are, according to their own opinion, resolvable into two causes or origins, the *baud i surd* and the *baud i goim*, which, being literally translated, signify the hot wind and the cold wind, not, however, as having reference to external air, but to some invisible fluid which they suppose takes up its residence in the part affected. A pain in the knee, for instance, is generally a cold wind, and they apply all sorts of heating and stimulant remedies to it. Inflammation is considered a hot wind, and, on the same principle, refrigerants are resorted to; but the *baud* is not always so accommodating nor easily to be caught, it sometimes flits about with the most astonishing obstinacy. It is no sooner driven from one part than it appears in another; from the foot it flies to the hand, from the hand to the shoulder, and from the shoulder to the knee, tormenting the poor patient, and playing at hide and seek with the *hukhem*. The acute rheumatism, and indeed all sorts of rheumatism and flitting pains are considered to be *baud* of this kind.

A PERSIAN MINISTER.

BABA ALI, in the days of his youth, was a shotter or running footman to the king. His majesty, one day, out hunting, happened to make a couplet of verses, with which he was extremely delighted, and which he repeated to all the grandes of him. Like good and liege subjects, they were in raptures with the royal effusion, and swore that it deserved to be inscribed in letters of gold. The king, on his return to his palace in the evening, tried in vain to recollect the verses he had made in the morning. The sports and fatigues of the day had completely effaced them from his remembrance; he called for his prime minister, but found the memory of his vizir as treacherous as his own: he then summoned all the nobles, enirs, and vizirs who had been present, but, wonderful to relate, not one of them could recall to mind the two short lines which they had considered in the morning a *chef-d'œuvre* of human wit, if not an emanation from the divinity. The wise men of Babylon were not more at a loss when required to expound the dream of Nebuchadnezzar: the royal verses would have been lost to posterity, had not Baba Ali stepped forward and repeated them to the great joy and astonishment of the king and of his whole court. He had been at his station, close by the king's bridle, when his majesty had recited them, and had retained them perfectly. He was immediately rewarded with a *khalaat*, or dress of honour, and was advanced to the dignity of shatir-bashee, whose office it is to be always by the bridle of the king's horse, to hold the animal while his majesty dismounts, and to entertain him with anecdotes of the people about court, when he is disposed to be merry. The shatir-bashee has of course many opportunities of being useful to his friends and formidable to his enemies. His situation is not unlike that of the bostanshee bashee at Constantinople, whose province it is to steer the grand signor's barge, and who has thus the ear of his sublimity, when his heart is expanded with good humour and gaiety. The shatir-bashee is of course courted, or at least treated with respect, by all who hang about the court.

But even the mind of a running footman is not insensible to ambition. Baba Ali Khan was not proof against its suggestions. In an evil hour, the thirst of military glory came upon him; he deemed, that since he was at the head of his own profession, and had an excellent memory, he was competent to the duties of a general, and to command against the Russians. The king seems to have entertained the same opinion, for he made his running footman a khan, by the title of ali khan, and intrusted to him the command of the important fortified village of Arkavan, which commands the passes into Talish. In this situation he demeaned himself with all proper dignity, and the high situation he held could not have been better filled until Kotlevouski and the Russians made their appearance. He then showed

his predilection for his ancient occupation, for he ran away and left the passes to guard themselves. The subjugation of the entire province was the consequence. The king, in great wrath, summoned the shatir-bashee to Teheran, and on his arrival there, ordered him to be boiled. But he took compassion on him before the sentence was executed, and commuted his punishment into a fine of £2000. Soon after, remembering his capacity for running, he sent him again a dress of honour, and restored him to his ancient post.

NUCKSHIVAN CITY OF NOAH.

The city of Nuckshivan, which gives its name to a district, although little better than a heap of ruins, was once a town of considerable importance. The Armenians reckon it to be the most ancient city in the world, for they say that it was built by Noah, immediately after his descent from Ararat. Nuckshivan, in the Armenian language, signifies, 'he halted here,' or he descended here, and they aver that this refers to Noah, who made it his first halting place. It is eight miles from the bank of the Arras, twenty-two from Ivofa, and ninety from Erivan. The population does not now exceed two hundred families, but the situation of the town is beautiful and commanding, built on a rising ground, and, in former times, was pretty strongly fortified. The soil is fertile, and the mulberry-tree grows here in great perfection; and the silk-worm thrives extremely well, but in consequence of the decay of the population, little commerce is carried on. Towards the foot of the Carabagh Mountains there are a few villages, which, being somewhat more inaccessible, have been less exposed to the ravages of war, and are, therefore, in a more flourishing state; in these a good deal of silk is spun, but even in them the efforts of industry are crushed by the oppression and exactions of rapacious governors. A small ruined tower in the neighbourhood of the town, but without any thing remarkable in its appearance, is held by the natives to be Noah's tomb, and there, near another tower, they pretend that the father of that patriarch was buried!!

CIRCASSIAN CLOAK.

The Circassians, Georgians, and other nations of the Caucasus, protect themselves from the inclemencies of the weather by a large cloak, called the Japoonchee, which is nearly impenetrable by rain, and under which it is possible to lie for a whole night of thunder-storms perfectly secured from the wet. This cloak is made of goats' hair, worked into a kind of felt, with the long shaggy hair on the outside. It has no sleeves, but is thrown over the shoulders, and has a very wild and picturesque appearance. The most common colour is black, but there are white ones, and these are considered the more valuable. They are as effectual a protection against the cold as against the wet, and the only fault to be found of them is their great weight. The best sort are made in Daghistau, a country on the shores of the Caspian, inhabited by the people called Lesguis.

SORTES SHAKSPEARIANÆ.

For a young gentleman who knows a great deal about poetry, metaphysics, natural philosophy, divinity, languages, and opera dancing:

'Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing.'

Merchant of Venice. Act 2, scene 3.

For a clever and amiable young lady who was induced to study metaphysics:

'That she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
_____ but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits for a time,
To be more fresh, reviving.'

Cymbeline. Act 1, scene 7.

For the Duke of Wellington and the 'Standard':

'Ajax.—I shall cut out your tongue.

'Thersites.—It's no matter, I shall speak as much as you afterwards.'

Troilus and Cressida. Act 2, scene 2.

To a man who talked about the omnipotence of Parliament:

'Why then thou say'st. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown and hang themselves more than other Christians.'

Hamlet. Act 5, scene 1.

For the authoress of some dramas and fugitive pieces:

'Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And both the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much, unhappily.
'Twere good she were spoken with.'

Hamlet. Act 4, scene 5.

To a young Byronic poetaster:

'Why should you hate men?
They never flattered thee.'

Timon of Athens. Act 4, scene 6.

To a materialist visiting an old abbey:

'Come not in here, nuncle, here's a SPIRIT.'

Lear. Act 3, scene 5.

For certain skilful interpreters of the signs of the times:

'Hamlet.—Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in the shape of a camel?

'Polonius.—By the mass, and it is like a camel indeed.

'Hamlet.—Methinks it is like an ousel.

'Polonius.—It is black like an ousel.

'Hamlet.—Or like a whale.

'Polonius.—Very like a whale.'

Hamlet.

[This passage, I dare say, has been quoted with the same application before.]

For a person much diseased in his mind, who had spent all his substance on the metaphysicians, and was nothing the better but rather grew worse:

'Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, o'er bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, set ransbane in his porridge, made him proud of heart to ride on a high trotting horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor—Tom's a cold.'

King Lear.

For Mr. Robert Montgomery:

'Titus.—News, news from Heaven, Marcus; the post is come. Shall I have justice, what says Jupiter?

'Clown.—Who? the gibbet maker?

'Titus.—Tut, what says Jupiter?

'Clown.—Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter.

'Titus.—Why, didst thou not come from Heaven?

'Clown.—Alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press into Heaven in my young days.'

Titus Andronicus. Act 4, scene 4.

For Mr. William Banks:

'Now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.'

Twelfth Night.

To a lady who observed that her husband shed many tears before he could persuade himself to give ministers a vote on the Catholic Question:

'Yes, madam, but I cannot choose but laugh that it should leave crying, and say Ay.'

Romeo and Juliet.

For a repentant youthful disputant to his brother sinners:

'Come, come, you're froward and unable worms;
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, to bandy word for word;
But now I see our launces are but straws,

Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we least are.'

Timing of the Shrew. Act 5, last scene.

For one who was recommended to study philosophy more and poetry less:

'Hang philosophy,

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet.'

Romeo and Juliet.

For Sir Edward Codrington:

'Fabian.—Now, an thou lovest me, let me see this letter.

'Clown.—Good Mr. Fabian, grant me another request.

'Fabian.—Any thing.

'Clown.—Do not desire to see this letter.'

Twelfth Night. Act 5, scene 1.

THE DIVAN.

Bartholomew in his wonted Seat; Major Sackville on his right hand, Sancho on his left, Mungo ministering unto them.

SACKVILLE.—There, that's it, Mungo; put half a hundred Woodvilles in a damp napkin, and place them by me. Witness, ye heavenly powers! how Charley Sackville honours and loves a smoker. I never knew a man, Sancho, who loved a cigar and who had not a warmer heart and a clearer head than other men.

SANCHO.—Aye, and a more ardent imagination too, Major. *Ignescis* you know *ollis est vigor*. By the way, you have heard that I am going to bring out a new magazine next month?

SACKVILLE.—*Et tu Brute!*

BLEWIT.—A new magazine, Sancho? Was there ever such a specimen of adventurous chivalry! do you know that half the old ones have been knocked up since Christmas?

SANCHO.—That may be, but mine is to be of an entirely new description; nothing of the sort has ever yet appeared from a respectable quarter; mine is to be a religious periodical. Messrs. Longman and Co. have undertaken to back me; my contributors are manifold, and all the piety of the press has promised me occasional support.

SACKVILLE.—Who are your contributors?

SANCHO.—Imprimis, the Rev. Edward Irving; he is to do all the Millenium parts, and he has moreover undertaken to provide a strikingly original and fashionable prophesy for every number; and Major, do you know who Mr. Irving has turned out to be?

SACKVILLE.—*Une bête*—and that is no part of Revelations.

SANCHO.—Sir, there is no doubt of it; Mr. Irving is one of the incarnations of the Cumæan sybil, who, you remember, was to come among us every hundred years.

SACKVILLE.—Well now, did I not always say that Irving was an old woman; a little delirious no doubt, but decidedly feminine. What ails the Doctor?

BLEWIT.—(*In a deep soliloquy.*)—*Non vultus, non color unus non compta mansere coma*—it suits the man—*os rabidum*—and then *horrendus canet ambages* (*heaves a deep sigh.*) Oh, that the learned Isaac Vossius were now alive to determine me.

SANCHO.—Doctor.

BLEWIT.—*Antroque remugit*—true, most true.

SACKVILLE.—Doctor, why Bartie?

BLEWIT.—(*recovering from his reverie*)—I beg your pardon, gentlemen; this idea of Irving being a sybil had a little laid hold of my imagination. What were we discussing? Oh, the Magazine; proceed, Sancho.

SANCHO.—Well, sir, the author of the opening of the seventh seal has offered to supply me with original poetry gratis. The great painter of the Pandemonium too, Mr. Schlous, is to furnish me with a frontispiece monthly. Do you not think that I and my magazine will meet with success.

BLEWIT.—You'll do more good, Sancho; you'll deserve it. I see you have discovered in some sort *le mot de l'univers*, the spell-word that controls mankind, or at least that charms the present generation. This gentleman, is the age of excitement (*hear, hear.*) The spirit of man is no longer contented to tread the dull but prudent pathway of his fathers. The strength that aims at omnipotence; the energy that pants for impossibilities; the thoughts that wander through eternity alone engage his affections.

'Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.'

(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

Would you command the suffrages of men, appeal to their wonder, their fears, their enthusiasm, do this, it matters not how unskillfully it is done. Martin's paintings, Montgomery's poems, and Irving's sermons, have all been sufficient for the purpose. Now give me my cigar.

SACKVILLE.—By the rood, Bartholomew, why are you not among the collective wisdom and eloquence of the nation; you would—(*enter Mungo*)—How now, black Cerberus?

MUNGO.—A gentleman, named Sadler, asks to be admitted to the Divan.

SACKVILLE.—Sadler! What Michael Sadler! Sadler of Leeds, the Parliament man, Mungo?

MUNGO.—I don't know, Major Sackville, he seems a little daft.

SACKVILLE.—Seems, nay man he is; I know not seems. Michael Sadler, M.P. for Newark, is mad as a March hare, and has been so for years to my certain knowledge. I did not go to Lancashire Pitt dinners for nothing.

BLEWIT.—Mungo, bid Mr. Sadler enter. Give my compliments, Dr. Blewit's compliments, and say he is welcome.

SACKVILLE.—Upon my soul, Bartie, but I pity Sadler; depend upon it there's no one man in the whole Commons, not excepting Mr. Bright himself, whose speechifying will be treated with more indignities and contempt than this poor man's before next sessions are over; and, by the next parliament, we shall hear as much of Mr. Sadler as we do of Colonel Wardle.

(*Enter Mr. Sadler, attended by Mungo, the black man. Mungo places a chair for the M. P. and retreats.*)

BLEWIT.—Mr. Sadler, we are much honoured by this visit to our Divan; to what fortunate circumstance are we to attribute it?

SADLER.—Doctor Blewit, I am come to London determined to ask your kind advice on a point of the most anxious importance to myself.

BLEWIT.—Sir, you are most welcome to any admonitions it may be in my power to bestow; it is perhaps fortunate for you to have met me thus in Divan, where I can promise you the warm aid of the resolute and magnanimous Sackville, and the counsel of the incomparable Sancho.

SADLER.—Gentlemen all, let me ask your kind attention. It has been proposed to me to resign my seat in Parliament.

SACKVILLE.—Indeed! Why propose that Mr. Sadler?—your last dinner speech excited great attention; in London the wags laughed a little, but I'm told you completely triumphed at Witby.

BLEWIT.—Why resign your seat, Mr. Sadler? you have still some eager admirers and zealous partisans.

SADLER.—Ah! but to tell you the truth, Doctor, those scoundrels, the Tories, are all turning their backs on me, there is but one sound honest man in the whole kit.

SACKVILLE.—And who may he be, Mr. Sadler—the Duke of Cumberland?

SADLER.—No! the man I speak of is 'an intellectual giant,' as the reporters once said of me.

SANCHO.—You mean Mr. Trant?

SADLER.—No, Sir.

BLEWIT.—The Duke of Newcastle, perhaps, Mr. Sadler? (*A laugh.*)

SADLER.—You are pleased to be facetious, Doctor; but upon my honour, gentlemen, the Duke of Newcastle is a man not properly appreciated. However, it is the editor of 'The Morning Herald' to whom I was alluding.

SACKVILLE.—He is indeed an astonishing person; but still, Mr. Sadler, why cut the Parliament? the causes you have assigned appear insufficient.

SADLER.—Well then, Major Sackville, I will acknowledge to you that my literary avocations are becoming so important that I fear I shall have no time for parliamentary duties; and I know that unless I make them a speech once a week at least, the Tories will join the Whigs and Radicals in saying that I am a fool, yet, gentlemen, by their own account I produced an effect in the House of Commons unknown since the day of Pitt.

BLEWIT.—Pray, Mr. Sadler, when you speak of literary occupation, are you alluding to your work in three vols. on Political Economy, which, I understand is to be published shortly by Murray?

SADLER.—By no means to that alone, Dr. Blewit. I am now engaged in writing a poem also.

SANCHO.—May I venture to ask you, Mr. Sadler, what is the nature of your poem?

SADLER.—Certainly. Mr. Sancho. The poem I speak of is an epic, in twenty-five books, on the subject of Alfred the Great.

SACKVILLE.—Angels and ministers of grace! an epic in twenty-five books!—*Quæ te dementia cepit!*

BLEWIT.—I was not before advised, Mr. Sadler, that you were of the Parnassian family.

SADLER.—Oh, yes; poetry is my favourite pursuit. I am generally considered to excel most in poetry, doctor. By the by, but this is a secret, gentlemen, a most confidential secret; there will be found in the Amulet of 1830 a tolerable proof that I can boast of something else besides oratory and political wisdom.

SONG.

COME rove with me, come rove awhile,
Ere birds have stilled their matin song;
The opening rose will sweetly smile,
In welcome as we pass along.
Oh, they may tell of Eden's bliss,
How bright, how blest the world would be,
Were life one radiant morn like this,
And I for ever, love, with thee.
But I shall come in after days,
To wander here when thou art gone,
And birds will pour their wonted lays,
Yet seem to want their sweetest tone.
Yes, oft again will spring renew
Its bloom to lure the vagrant bee,
Will oft awake the rose in dew,
And bring back every flower but thee.

A DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

MOURN, mourn, winter is near!
Autumn is gone and fled,
The winds sweep by with a sullen roar,
And the dark waves foam on the chafed shore,
Yellow and brown and red.
The flocks: multitudes flock to their cold damp bed.
Mourn, Hours, for the Year!
Doth not the mighty Sea
Moan, Wind, as thou sweepst over it?
Betwixt you there may no friend-ship be,
Ever it curlth in scorn of thee
When the shade of thy mighty wings doth cover it.
Then storm cometh and tempest drear:
Mourn, Hours, for the Year!
Thus Time spreadeth his wing,
And the World leaps up with a scornful pride,
Shame on your strife,
World and Time!
From the same hour ye drew your life:
Together ye have won your prime:

And ye will pass away
When the judge shall his final pomp display,
Both in one day!
Mourn, mourn, winter is near,
Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

The spring will smile on the bier
Where the hours have lain to rest
The pale dead year!
And the earth will put on another dress,
Rejoicing in her own loveliness,
And the sun will call from their narrow bed
The germs which the winter hath prisoned,
And the streams that with weeds now bridled be
With currents clear,
Will flow: earth and air, and the mighty sea,
Will rejoice in their strength, calm and free!
Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

And we shall linger here:
Mid the youth of things, with hearts grown old:
Thro' the genial spring, icy and cold!
Alas, why may not we
With the months that that dying be,
Pass to our eternal rest?
Free from pride, and hate, and fear,
We were blest!
Woe for the dying Year!

THE NEW POST-OFFICE.

THE opening of the New Post-office deserves, on more than one account, to be noticed as a remarkable event. As a CITY IMPROVEMENT it marks an epoch, and promises to prove the commencement of a new æra; while, as a public building, its vastness, solidity, and pretensions to architecture rank it among the most important edifices of the metropolis.

The general effect of the front, as viewed from St. Martin le Grand, is truly magnificent. This effect results from the simplicity and boldness of the outline, both in plan and elevation, and from the proportion and harmony of the parts. The principal feature, the hexastyle or six-column portico, from its magnitude and ample projection, is very effective. The Ionic order, which seems to have been closely imitated from ancient specimens existing in Asia Minor, is in itself beautiful beyond all praise; but it is of too delicate and refined a character for the building in which it has been adopted. This edifice, indeed, adds another example to the many before existing in London, of a common error committed by our architects, namely, the neglect of correspondence of character between the design and the purposes to which a building is destined. In the instance of the Post-office, the elevation on the whole would be much more appropriate as the façade of a royal residence than as that of an establishment devoted to a public service. Had the order been of bolder and more massive proportions, and the shafts of the columns been left plain, had their introduction at the wings been avoided, and had those parts been brought out as plain solid projections, there can be no doubt, we think, that the front would altogether have been considerably more effective than it is at present: the portico, splendid as it now appears, would have had additional importance, and the character of the entire façade, would have been much more in accordance with the uses of the building. We have no patience with the pertinacity with which our architects so much employed as Mr. Smirke, persist in neglecting what to every reflecting person uninfluenced by the prejudices of a professional education, appears the very principle and soul of the art, namely, the suiting the style of the building to the end for which it is erected. So far from observing any such rule or allowing any feeling of appropriateness to suggest his designs, Mr. Smirke, in the most esteemed of his works, presents us a Theatre with a senatorial physiognomy, a partial Club-house with a most reverential aspect, and now a General and Two-penny Post-Office with a front suited by its richness and ornament to adorn a court residence. Mr. Smirke seems a very sphynx in architecture,

and to delight in propounding riddles to the gaping multitude. We prefer the proceedings of his junior, Mr. Bull. That a blacking establishment should shine forth splendid and matchless is an intelligible matter, and the building in High-street therefore is no riddle.

But to return to our Post-office. As we formerly* objected to the termination of the attic over the end buildings of the front, it is incumbent on us to notice and commend the judicious alteration which has since taken place in that respect. The raising the ostensible roof of the portico to the level of the pediment was likewise a wise change; but the inattention to the simplest principles of architecture, implied in the allowing such an error to remain for a moment, is truly astonishing. These errors, however, have been admirably repaired. The candour to acknowledge and correct a fault is not without its value; and when a blunder may be remedied at so slight a cost, the critic may well be excused from dwelling on it.

The entrance to the portico is well imagined: the pedestals on which the columns stand, do not produce the ill effect we had anticipated: but the columns, owing to the immense mass opposed to them, have an appearance somewhat too slender: due attention has not been paid to the entasis, and the intercolumniations have not been studied with sufficient care. The centre space is very properly the widest; but those on each side the centre should also have increased in a proportion with regard to the angular ones. It is from secret and nice refinements in art such as these, that those effects of beauty and harmony proceed which delight the spectator, although he cannot assign the precise means employed in producing them: in these refined perfections it was that the Greeks were so eminent; and we have a right to expect that they shall not be neglected by those who profess to follow such illustrious models.

The inscription in the frieze is simple, and in good taste; but the plain tympanum can scarcely be said to accord with the rich order that supports it. The doorways are well designed; but the ceiling over the centre recess is villainously managed: indeed, nothing can exceed in paltriness the ceiling altogether, which, in lieu of handsome lacunaria of massive Portland, is conspicuous for the nakedness and poverty of its lath and plaster.

The clock over the entrance is one of the most harmless pieces of insipidity ever perpetrated by Mr. Smirke. We are not exactly aware in what its good qualities may consist, but could we be excused a second pun, we should certainly say that, *prima facie*, it was not a striking performance.

If we mistake not, the consol-dressed windows are exactly the same in pattern as those of the new buildings at the British Museum and at the Equitable Assurance office. The different public bodies concerned in these three edifices, acting on the system of economy now so fashionable and so laudable, had clubbed together, we presume, to share between them the expense of the design.

Advancing from the portico, the grand hall is a spacious and splendid vestibule, worthy of the first Post-office in the world; yet it has some striking defects. The termination on the east side shocks, by its incongruity with all that surrounds it; the arches, and two ante suspended in *aria* are wretched. The columns also, which form the principal ornament of the hall, have a still more slender appearance than those of the portico.

The north and south fronts are plain and neat—terms which our lay readers may perhaps construe into a compliment; but which we fear our architectural friends may interpret to mean tame and insipid. Be this as it may, we cannot persuade ourselves to change them. The upper windows are clearly perforations of necessity: we wish they could have been dispensed with; necessity alone excuses them.

The back front of this building is beneath criti-

cism. The design has evidently been left to the taste of the clerk of the works: the architect could have had no hand in it. Excepting always certain parts of the monstrous edifice at Pimlico, we should pronounce the centre break to be one of the most glaring deformities to be found in any building ancient or modern.

A pierced stone parapet would have been preferable to the ironwork in front, which is miserable. The grille at the back is in somewhat better taste; but, as usual, the convenience of the public seems to have been the last thing considered. witness the encroachments on Foster-lane. The arrangements for the ingress and egress of the mails are most clumsy; they are awkward, and even dangerous. Of the interior distributions, we do not presume to speak from personal knowledge; but we are sorry to hear from authority on which we have every reason to rely, that the officers of the establishment were not consulted by the architect, and that the disposition of the apartments is by no means so commodious as it might have been.

We cannot conclude these remarks without again noticing the masterly and substantial manner in which all the works have been executed; and which is equally creditable to the government, the architect, and the contractors. The only fault that the most fastidious could find to object to on this head, is, that the stylobate of Haytor granite should be in separate courses in height, instead of being in single blocks. The difficulty of procuring and bringing the stone of sufficient dimensions is some excuse, but barely a sufficient one.

NEW MUSIC.

Favourite Melodies, from Cimarosa's celebrated Opera, 'Il Matrimonio Segreto'; arranged for the Flute by L. Drouët. Cocks and Co.

THIS forms a pleasing addition to the vast catalogue of entertaining flute music published by Cocks and Co., who deserve the success they experience, for presenting so much interesting novelty. 'Il Matrimonio' is brought out in a neat and corresponding manner with all the other adaptations of the Italian Operas; and the ten most favourite airs, duets, &c. are presented, well arranged and excellently engraved, for three shillings.

'*Tuscan Wine, Bacchanalian Song, composed by H. Craggs. Vernon.*

So few songs of the above description are published at the present day, that to all the singers of 'Flow thou regal purple Stream,' Mr. Craggs' 'Tuscan Wine' must be very acceptable. It is well flavoured and compounded, and well fitted for a base voice.

'*Fleuve du Tage, Varié pour le Piano. Dédie à Miss Henrietta Howes, par Ch. Chaulieu. No. 1, op. 77. Cocks and Co.*

A SPLENDID and brilliant effusion. An Introduction, 'Vivacissimo e Leggero,' (full of flourishes and chords,) ushers in the theme, 'Andante simplice,' (a brief melody in 2-4, E flat.) Varia. 1st, an 'Allegro brillante non troppo presto,' with 'Il basso legato,' and partly 'Scherzandissimo.' Varia. 2nd, an 'Adagio,' abounding in arpeggios quite across the instrument, and extensions of 10ths! Varia. 3rd, a second 'Allegro brillante.' Varia. 4th, an 'Allegretto Lusingando,' in the waltz style, concluding with the theme as an adagio, and a vivace, &c. &c. The whole in good taste, although apparently a little affected and bombastic.

'*The Birks of Aberfeldy, a Ballad sung by Mr. Wood, the Melody composed by Mrs. Philip Millard, the Symphonies and Accompaniments by P. Knapton. Pette.*

MRS. MILLARD's air is a very pleasing, characteristic, and well-conceived melody, in F, 2-4, imitative of the old Scotch style; and Mr. Knapton's accompaniments are unusually playful, appropriate, and ingenious. We have not frequently met with any thing in the ballad style more admirable alto-

gether. The piano-forte part being very varied, diffuse, and showy, it becomes in performance necessary to subdue it considerably, for fear of confusing the vocalist.

Select Airs, from Auber's celebrated opera of 'Masaniello, or the Fishermen of Naples,' containing Fisherman's Chorus, Barcarole, and the Market Chorus, arranged in a familiar style for two performers on the Piano forte, and respectfully dedicated to Mademoiselle Sontag, by L. Devereaux. Mayhew and Co.

THE above diffuse title explains every thing. The themes are too well known to require comment, and the arrangement is well fitted for those who teach en masse!

'*Faint Heart never won Fair Lady, a favourite Melody; the Poetry taken from 'Bouring's Romances of Spain.' Ewer and Johanning.*

THIS forms the eighth number of German popular airs, adapted to English words, and is a pretty lively vivace in E flat, properly arranged.

'*O'er the Water Gliding, the Sicilian Boatman's Song and Trio; written by Harry Stoe Van-Dyk; composed by L. Devereaux. Mayhew and Co.*

MOZART's favourite and pleasing Menuet in 'Don Giovanni, with appropriate words, forms this little interesting piece, each verse of which is given as a solo, and afterwards as a trio for two trebles and bass. One peculiar desideratum is attained—it is so simple that any persons can sing it, who can sing at all! and yet, being Mozart's and a favorite, it is neither puerile nor insignificant.

Waltz (No. 2,) for the Piano forte: composed for Miss Jane Mcx, to whom it is inscribed by H. Mulliner. Royal Harmonic Institution.

A BAGATELLE of three pages, possessing all the advantages ascribed to the above; quite playable, teachable, useful, and pleasing; equally removed from puerility and difficulty, and conceived in excellent taste.

Select Melodies of various Nations; arranged with embellishments (ad lib.) for the Piano-forte: by Raphael Dressler. No. 2. Cocks and Co.

IN No. 92 of the 'Athenæum,' (p. 477,) we had the pleasure of announcing the commencement of this desirable periodical, and the 2nd Number will fully answer the best expectations of those who have acquired the first.

The twelve scraps which constitute this second book, (each occupying a brief page,) are nine of the most admired melodies from the opera and ballet of 'Masaniello'; a Romance, by Beethoven; and two Marches, by Rosini, from his Operas, 'Elisabetta,' and 'Ricciardo e Zoraida'; the whole well arranged, and excellently engraved and presented.

'*Fill the Goblet, Bacchanalian Song, sung by Mr. J. O. Atkins, Mr. Field, &c. at the Public Concerts: the Poetry by Francis Wyman, Comedian, the Music by Thos. H. Severn. Vernon.*

THIS is a fit companion to Mr. Craggs's song of 'Tuscan Wine,' and 'Flow thou Regal Purple Stream,' &c. Festive or Bacchanalian songs are now so out of fashion, and consequently the publication of them so infrequent, that we particularly call these peculiar works to the attention of all gentlemen who like to exhibit a good voice over a good bottle.

Septième Ouverture pour le Piano-forte, dédiée à Rossini, Membre de l'Institut de France, &c. par J. Ancot, Professeur de Piano, opéra 116!!

A DEPLORABLE inflated piece of business, full of sound and fury, which the arrogance of the dedication may sufficiently indicate. How much we regret not having seen and reviewed the industrious author's preceding hundred and fifteen works, where are they all? where have they been circulated?

MIRROR OF PRINCES.

WHATEVER may be propounded of the 'march of intellect' in this golden age of the human mind, we much question whether, in the article of *moral government*, be it individual or national, our own times have not retrograded rather than advanced. At all events, with the solitary exception of Charles John of Sweden, we have no proof before us, that the duties and obligations of princes are half so well understood, or so pertinently and judiciously inculcated, as they appear to have been in the sixteenth century. At a time, too, when the increasing diffusion of secular knowledge renders the multitude more keenly perceptive of the acts and aberrations of their superiors, every hint which can tend to enlighten either class on what it ought equitably to exact from the other, is an useful contribution to the well-being of both. It is with this view we proceed to make an extract or two from a most unpretending, but in many respects, a singularly valuable little work, which has been recently brought under the notice of the German public; it is an authentic copy of manuscripts existing in the public archives of Magdeburg and Königsberg, and they have been very judiciously published in conjunction, under the title of 'Mirror of German Princes in the Sixteenth Century; or Maxims of Princely Wisdom; by Julius and Elizabeth, Duke and Duchess, (the latter being regent-dowager) of Brunswick and Lüneburg.' Elizabeth was the predecessor, not the contemporary of the Duke; and in 1515, when she had been many years a widow, and was acting as regent in behalf of her son, then a minor, she reduced to writing those exemplary principles by which her own conduct had been directed, and upon which she was anxious to model the character of her princely offspring. The introductory matter reflects great honour upon her sense of the high influence of Christianity as a means of purifying the heart and guarding it against the temptations of the world. To this succeeded several chapters on the doctrines and duties of Christianity; and these are followed by a variety of others, referring to worldly interests and avocations, and setting forth in a strain of sound and rational argument the only legitimate means of promoting the one and the only legitimate end to which the other ought to be directed. From the subsequent passages we leave the reader to judge of the spirit and tendency of the remainder. 'Truly,' says Elizabeth, 'is it a piteous and lamentable state of things, when justice is a stranger in the land; and the omissions of which sovereigns are guilty under this head will be sternly and rigorously dealt with by the eternal; for justice and equity are the property, not of princes, but of the God who made them.'—Speaking then of counsellors and flatterers, she observes: 'Beware, in an especial manner, of flatterers who will advise thee to such courses as are sweetest to thine ear. Ever let thine heart yield preference to such as give thee godly, righteous, and honourable counsel; and refuse to follow those who gather counsel from thine own pleasure. If thou find a man disposed to advise thee according to the measure of thine own liking, and without regard for the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the object, be assured, my son, that he has no interest of thine in view. Nor shouldst thou ever resign thyself into the hands of one individual or many, but ever deem thyself the master, and them the counsellors. . . . To attempt a personal interference in every concernment, is to attempt an impossibility; all thou canst achieve is a control over matters of real moment and importance.' On the score of *alliances*, the princely monitress remarks with much good sense, 'The most splendid alliance thou canst contract is that which binds thee to thy Maker. Other alliances are rarely observed; but thou, when thou art entrapped into them, wilt be expected rigidly to respect them, whilst thine ally will speedily forget that he hath any engagement towards thee. By practising injustice or wrong towards none, thou shieldest thyself against hurt from all.' Neither does she betray less good sense when she says of *taxation*, 'It is undeniably true, that no

act so thoroughly estranges the affections of men from their rulers as the imposition of immoderate taxes and burthens.' 'Be careful of hoodwinking thyself, and saying, "There are many princes in debt as well as I;" or, "Where is there a prince who is not in debt? Why, therefore, need I to hesitate!" Believe me, it is a bitter affliction to owe that which thou canst not pay.'

Our limits forbid us extending our extracts further; there is not a maxim in this brief 'Economy of Regal Life,' which is not fit to be inscribed in letters of gold in princes' chambers, and which does not justify the feeling of complacency with which this estimable parent brings her lessons to a close: 'Accept this offering,' she says, 'with filial affection, and preserve it as an heir-loom in thy principality; for I have wrought out my task with such industry, that I cannot doubt, if the grace of God be with thee as thou ponderest upon it, thou wilt live and die a Christian prince, as well in the eyes of thy Creator as of mankind.'

As regards the *pendant* to the Duchess Elizabeth's admonitions, we are bound to speak of Duke Julius's directions, bearing date in 1579, as presenting a motley mirror of parental kindness and outrageous vanity, not altogether denuded of occasional glimpses of that good sense to which her own son unhappily proved himself an utter stranger.

THREE FABLES FROM THE GERMAN OF MEISSNER.

THE WOLF OF NOBLE RACE.

A young wolf, who, in his first campaign against the leopard, had shown the white feather, and had shamefully scampered off at the first appearance of danger, was, in consequence, dragged before the judgment seat of king lion, and by the angry monarch sentenced to receive a dozen stripes and to lose one of his ears.

'And must I suffer such indignity,' exclaimed the kneeling culprit, 'I, whose father once, in a dangerous emergency, sustained the throne already shaken by rebellion, and who was, for his services, created a nobleman of the first rank.'

'You are in the right,' interrupted the lion, smiling: 'the son of such a father merits some distinction. Let him receive two dozen stripes, and have both his ears cut off.'

THE FOX AND THE LEOPARD.

A fox was one day sitting, absorbed in a brown study, at the entrance to his hole. 'What new crotchet have you got into your head now?' asked his wife. 'Why, who should pass by, just now, but the leopard: he gave me such a friendly nod, and what is more, he absolutely nodded to me first. I'm thinking what all this may portend.' 'And pray, what should it portend? simpleton!'—'Doubtless, some secret service or other at court.' 'A fine idea, truly, you must have of the leopard tribe, if you suppose that they ever bow first for nothing.' * *

Let such be the conviction of every honest poor man, whenever a nobleman, especially one of high descent, bows to him first.

THE BISHOP AND THE PAWN.*

An active, sprightly bishop †, once, during a game at chess, thought proper to exercise his wit at the expense of his neighbour, a plodding, heavy-legged pawn of the opposite faction ‡. 'It were well for my side, if all our adversaries resembled you. How

* In the translation the fable loses somewhat of its piquancy by the unavoidable change in the names of the pieces. The title, in the original, is 'Der Läufer und Bauer'; literally, 'The Runner and the Peasant.'

† To the English reader, at least, an 'active, sprightly' bishop may appear an anomalous sort of personage, a more than *rara avis* in natural history. The next to utter impossibility of 'over-repletion' considered, the terms 'active and sprightly' might indeed, with some show of reason, be applied to a *curate*; but see the preceding note.

‡ Probably the rival factions of the 'bianchi e neri,' are here alluded to.—Printer's Devil.

lazily you creep along: imitate me, and put a little life into your motions.' So saying, he made a spring and skipped like lightning over seven squares at one bound. The pawn made no reply, proceeded onwards, step by step, rested himself occasionally for half an hour at a time, and ultimately, to the astonishment of all his neighbours, was made a queen: whilst the bustling loquacious bishop remained just what he was before, and what he was moreover destined for ever to remain—a very superfluous bishop.

II.

But the affair did not rest here. 'Yonder spruce gallant,' cried the newly-raised queen, 'made merry at my former humble condition. Let us now see whether his witticisms still hold good.' She pounced upon him, and the unlucky bishop fell before her at the first blow.

III.

'Is not such revenge sweet?' inquired the conqueror at the next castle. 'That I can easily believe,' was the reply: 'but, unfortunately, it but too clearly betrays the meanness of your education and former habits, and shows you to be a mere parvenu. The truly noble mind never stoops to revenge.'

KARAITISH JEWS.

(From the French.)

THIS sect, who are to be found principally in Egypt, Crimea, near Cherson, Volhynia, and Lithuania, derive their name from the word *Kara*, signifying *Scripture*. This denomination was given them because they adhere to the Scriptures alone, and do not acknowledge, like the other Jews, called Talmudites, or Rabbinites, the authority of the Talmud, or the interpretations of the Rabbins.—They are, therefore, considered as heretics, and classed with the Sadducees, with whom, indeed, they agree in the observance of feasts, and in several religious dogmas. It has also been said that they receive only the Pentateuch. The Karaites differ yet more from the Rabbinites in their liturgy, their mode of circumcision, their food, and in estimating the degrees of kindred opposed to marriage. They permit polygamy, without however recommending it by their example. Like the Rabbinites, they consider betrothment a tie as inviolable as marriage, and only to be broken by the causes which lead to a divorce: but a daughter under age who has been affianced by her father, becomes free, if unmarried, at his death. The causes of divorce are the same as in England, with the addition of blindness, deafness, or any physical defect in the wife. The rights of inheritance are strictly observed, and proceed in the following order:—1. sons; 2. their male descendants; 3. daughters; 4. their children, without distinction; 5. the father; 6. fraternal uncles; 7. brothers; 8. the mother. Natural children may inherit if the mother be a Karait. The husband can never inherit from his wife: it is competent to her, however, to yield to him a certain part of her dower. The Rabbinites affirm that the schism of the Karaites took place 750 years after Christ: but the schismatics themselves maintain that they existed under another name before the destruction of the first temple, and that their present designation was given them at a later period, to distinguish them from the disciples of the Talmud. The Karaites pretend the Messiah will issue from their tribe, and their princes were once the sovereigns of Egypt. Their civilisation is on a level with that of the nations among whom they dwell. They bear a widely different character from their brethren in this country, being described as extremely active in honest industry, and remarkable for every social virtue. From the archives of Poland it appears that, during four centuries, not one of them has been publicly accused of any crime; and in Galacia it has been thought expedient to relieve them from the burdens inflicted on the other Jews, by granting them all the rights of Christians.

MISCELLANIES.

THE LATE DR. GALL.—A subscription has been opened in Paris for raising a fund with which to erect a monument to this celebrated physiologist.

NEW SYSTEM OF DRESSING WOUNDS.—M. Mathieu Mayor, surgeon major of Lausanne, has addressed to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, a new plan of bandaging and treating wounds, so simple that any person may be able to apply it in the absence of the faculty, or in cases where the arrival of surgical assistance is tardy. The system is particularly recommendable as enabling soldiers to dress their own wounds. Simple linen and water form the elements of the new system.

GASES OF THE HUMAN STOMACH.—At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, of the 7th September, M. Chevallot read a memoir, entitled 'Researches on the Gases of the Stomach and Intestines of the Human Body in a state of Disease.' The result of the author's inquiries are the following conclusions: 1. That in a state of sickness he has found only six gases in human intestines, viz. oxygen, azote, carbonic acid, hydrogen, proto-carbonic hydrogen, and sulphuric hydrogen. 2. That azote is found in greater proportion in the body which has died from disease than in that of the healthy subject; the contrary is the case in certain instances with carbonic acid. 3rd. That the carbonic acid generally goes on increasing in the digestive tube of man in a state of malady at the temperature from 11° to 21° , and that it gradually diminishes from that of -2° to $+5^{\circ}$. 4th. That in adult subjects, the quantity of hydrogen gas is more considerable at the temperature of from 11° to 16° than at that of -1° to $+6^{\circ}$, while the contrary takes place with the aged under the same circumstances of temperature. Lastly. That hydrogen is more abundant in the small intestines than that in the stomach and the large intestines, and that consequently it does not increase towards these last, as till now has been supposed.

SPANISH PROHIBITIONS.—The Archbishop of Valencia has issued a pastoral, prohibiting, on pain of excommunication, among other things, the use of pocket handkerchiefs stamped with the sign of the cross—such an application of the sacred emblem being deemed irreverent. The devout prelate has forbidden, moreover, the reading and representation of 189 theatrical pieces; the most of them of the time of Lope de Vega and Calderon, and although the greater part of them are acted in the other provinces of Spain with the permission of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities.

PRICES OF PICTURES ON THE CONTINENT.—At a late picture sale at Bremen, consisting of 135 pieces, the highest price bidden was 235 thalers*, but this lot was not sold, as the sum bid was considered below the value of the picture. The picture was a *Paul Potter*, and called to mind the celebrated painting known by the name of the 'Hague Bulls'; it was remarkable for its truth of nature. The next, a *Ferdinand Boll*, was bid as high as 265 thalers, but this also was bought in, and will probably go to St. Petersburg. The subject is 'Joseph in Prison interpreting the Dream.' This picture was from the collection of the Chavellier Oelrichs, who for the last fifty years has possessed the best collection in Bremen. A third picture, attributed to *Vandyke*, a portrait of a prince, full length, and of the size of life, for 200 thalers, was purchased for the present splendid and known collection of the Prince of Bückeburg, as were also a *Rembrandt*, (man's portrait) for 75 thalers; a *Rubens*, (Hero and Leander,) 72 thalers; a *Netscher* for 40 thalers; a flower piece of *Huysum*, purchased at 77½ thalers will remain in Bremen; another noted piece by *Seghers*, was bought in at 77½ thalers; a picture of *Perkolin* fetched 110 thalers; a *Bramer* 5½; a *Teniers* 7½; a landscape of *Poussin* 50; a *Giulio Romano* 57. This sale, it is

* Dollars, 3s. 2d.

remarked, shows a great improvement in prices within the last few years.

MUSICAL PRODIGES.—The musical patrons of Munich have been amused by the performances on the violin of two children, brothers, Ernest and Edward, the one seven, the other five years old, the sons of Herr Eichhorn, musician to the Duke of Saxe Cobourg. The elder played alone the first theme from the eleventh concert of Kreutzer, and the adagio and rondo from the seventh concert of Rode; and with his brother a *pot pourri*, 'Bricklayers and Cobblers,' and variations of Jakoby. The two children played, 'not with childish uncertainty, or timid bowing, but with a masterly effect, and fine and correct expression, quite astonishing.'

SPANISH VOYAGES.—The third volume of M. Naverete's 'Collection of Voyages and Discoveries by Sea, made by the Spaniards since the Fifteenth Century,' has been published in Madrid. The two first volumes of this work contained the voyages of Columbus, and made their appearance last year. The present volume, besides several hitherto inédited documents concerning the naval history of Spain, and her establishments beyond sea, contains the following articles: 1st, An historical notice of minor voyages; that is to say, of such as were undertaken at their own expense by Spanish navigators after Columbus had discovered the new continent, and who sailed in various directions to reconnoitre it until in the course of a few years they had succeeded in discovering all the eastern coast, from Newfoundland to the Straits of Magellan. 2nd. The narration of the four voyages supposed to have been made by Americus Vesputius, and which have never yet been printed in Spain, and which are now published in this volume according to the Latin edition, which in the lifetime of the author was published at Strasbourg, in 1500. A translation in Castilian is added, together with an account of Americus, and some critical reflections on the credit which his narrative deserves. 3rd, Various documents on the first establishments of the Spaniards on the Isthmus of Darien. One of these contains the account of the events which occurred in Terra Firma on the discovery of the South Sea and the Coast of Peru and Nicaragua. In the Appendix are several new documents touching the matters contained in the former volumes, together with some observations illustrative of the events which happened to Columbus during the first years of his residence in Spain.

HISTORY OF THE POST-OFFICE.—In 1653, the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland, was farmed of the parliament by John Manley, Esq for 10,000*l.* per annum, and received its first organization from Cromwell, as a General Post-office, three years afterwards. Charles II. confirming the regulations of the Protector, settled the revenue from it on the Duke of York, the produce in 1665 being 21,500*l.* Ten years afterwards this amount was doubled, and it still continued to increase until the reign of William and Mary, when it was considerably influenced by the hostile or tranquil state of the country. The Post-office revenue, which during the eight years of war only averaged 67,222*l.* a-year, produced in the succeeding four years of peace, on an average, 82,319*l.* annually. A similar effect was experienced during the reign of Anne, when the war postage was about 60,000*l.* and in years of peace about 90,000*l.* This disproportion has of late been reversed, and the last years of war were those in which the Post-office were the most productive. On the union of England with Scotland, in the year 1710, a General Post-office was established by act of parliament, which included, besides Great Britain and Ireland, our West India and American colonies. This extension of the Post-office increased the revenue to 111,461*l.* What portion of this sum was produced by the respective countries does not appear; but there is reason to believe that it was almost entirely Irish and English, for even so late as between 1730 and 1740 the post was only transmitted three days a-week between Edinburgh and London; and the metropolis, on one occasion, only sent a single

letter, which was for an Edinburgh banker, named Ramsay. The most remarkable event in the history of the Post-office, previously to its present removal and scale of magnificence, is the plan, first suggested by Mr. Palmer, in the year 1784, of sending the letters by the coaches, instead of the old custom of transmitting them by post boys on horseback. From this moment the prosperity of the Post-office commenced; and the revenue, which at first was not more than five thousand pounds a-year, and which, after the revolution of two centuries, only produced, in 1783, 146,000*l.* annually, yielded, thirty years afterwards, a net revenue of nearly 1,700,000*l.* Yet the expense is now at a less rate per mile than upon the old plan. The General Post-office was originally settled in Cloak-lane, near Dowgate-hill, whence it was afterwards removed to the Black Swan, in Bishopsgate-street. On occasion of the great fire of 1666, it was removed to the Two Black Pillars in Brydges-street, Covent garden, and finally to Sir Robert Viner's mansion in Lombard-street, the now deserted old Post-office.—*Globe.*

NEW INSTRUMENT FOR DISCOVERING SYMPTOMS OF DISEASE BY SOUND.—An improvement on the Stethoscope has been invented by Dr. Piorry, of Paris. He calls his instrument a Pleosimetre; it consists of a plate of ivory, wood, or metal, or other solid, thin, and sonorous substance, to be applied to the part of the body which it is desired to examine. The instrument, so applied, is to be struck slightly with the finger, and the sound it gives out will correspond with the state of the organ, and enable the physician to judge of its condition. The Pleosimetre, it is said, has proved, on experiment, to be an infallible guide in cases of dropsy of the chest and belly, in diseases of the liver, spleen, bowels, lungs, or of the heart, as well as in abdominal tumours. The inventor, who has also published a book explanatory of his discovery, has received a prize of 2000 francs from the Royal Academy. M. Duméril, in making his report on the subject to the Academy, affirmed that M. Piorry had certainly discovered a new method of distinguishing the symptoms of disorders, and that there was every reason to believe that his work would prove of great utility.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN PRUSSIA.—The number of students in the seven Universities of Prussia, viz. Berlin, Bonn, Breslaw, Greifswalde, Halle, Königsberg, and Münster, taken in the aggregate, increased more than two fifths of its present amount between the years 1820 and 1828. The numbers in the winter half year of 1820-21, were 3,382, of whom 892 were Protestant students in Divinity; 264 Catholic ditto; 450 students in Philosophy and Belles Lettres; 974 Law; 135 Finance; 665 Surgery. In the same season of 1827-8, the total numbers amounted to 5,954; of whom 1951 were Protestant students in Divinity; 888 Catholic ditto; 714 Philosophy and Belles Lettres; 1,559 Law; 111 Finances; 731 Medicine.

POPULATION, &c. OF MOSCOW.—The population of Moscow, at present, is estimated, including the garrison, at 250,000 souls. In 1824, it amounted to 246,545, divided into the following classes:—Nobles, 14,724; officers of government, 3101; clergy, 4388; merchants, 12,104; foreigners, 2385; bourgeois, 28,029; artisans, 10,381; manufacturers, 1854; porters, 1882; domestic servants, 53,541; husbandmen, 72,758; people of different classes, not comprised in the above, 19,202; soldiers, 22,191. The improvements of the city, since the invasion of the French, may be estimated from the following comparative statement of the streets, houses, &c. in the two epochs. In 1812, the number of principal streets were 64; in 1824 they amounted to 159; at the former period, the lesser streets were 521; at the latter 608. The number of houses, in 1812, was 9,158; in 1824, they were 9,368. The shops, in 1812, were 6,831; in 1824, they amounted to 8,396. In 1812, the churches were 288; in 1824, 263; the hospitals at the former epoch were 52; at the latter, 56. The convents formerly, 29; latterly, 21. The inns and hotels, which in 1812 were no more than 163, amounted in 1824, to 502.

DESTRUCTION OF WILD BEASTS IN SWEDEN.—According to the official returns from the Prefect of the Provinces of Sweden to the Government, the number of wild animals destroyed in the year 1827 was as follows:—96 bears, 433 wolves, 268 lynxes, 6,235 foxes, 273 martens, 187 otters, 11 gluttons, 2 polecats, 471 dog-fish, 181 eagles, 868 hawks.

NEW OPERAS AT NAPLES.—Among the compositions which were brought out during the last season at Naples, were the new opera, '*Elisabetta di Kenilworth*,' by Donizetti, and '*Un Diavolo color di Rosa*,' by Enrico Petrella, pupil of the Conservatorio. Both were well received. The former was first performed on occasion of the queen's birthday. Some private letters speak of it as an indifferent production; but the Neapolitan paper, the '*Giornale delle due Sicilie*,' praises Donizetti and his music to the skies. Petrella is spoken of as a promising composer.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Sept.	Therm. at Noon	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 21	49	29.56	W.	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.
Tues. 22	57	29.59	W. to S.W.	Ditto.	Cl. Cum.
Wed. 23	59	29.59	Var.	Clear.	Ditto.
Thurs. 24	51	29.67	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Frid. 25	51	29.90	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat. 26	55	30.02	S.W. to W.	Fair, Cl.	Cirrostratus
Sun. 27	48	29.60	S.W.	Rain, A.M.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 54°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.70.

Highest temperature at noon, 65°.

Astronomical Observations.

Sun entered Libra on Wednesday, at 8 h. 7 m. A.M.

The Moon and Saturn in conj. on Wednesday, at 8 h. P.M.

The Moon in Apogee on Sunday.

Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 9° 53' in Sagitt.

Sun's ditto ditto ditto 4° 42' in Libra.

Length of day on Sunday, 11 h. 50 m.; decreased 4 h. 44 m.

BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Secker's Nonsuch Professor, new edition, 18mo. 3s.
Dr. Adam Clarke's Discourses, vol. 1, 8vo. 8s.
Sturtevant's Preacher's Manual, vol. 2, 6s.
The Christian's Manual, selected from the writings of the Rev. W. Law, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
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Personal and Literary Memorials, by the author of 'Four Years in France,' &c. 1 vol. 3vo. 14s.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The '*Literary Souvenir*,' of the present year, is announced to be the most brilliant number of the work which has yet been produced. Among the leading attractions, are: a full-length Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Lady Macbeth, by Harlowe; a Portrait of the Honourable Miss Fox; the celebrated Jacob's Dream, of Allston; the much-admired Picture of the Sale of the Pet Lamb, by Collins; a Tournament, by Martin; and a Portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Literary Contents include contributions from a variety of distinguished pens, not hitherto engaged in works of this class: Among others, the author of '*High-ways and By-ways*,' the author of '*Constantinople in 1828*,' Caroline Bowles; Miss Mitford; Mrs. Hemans; &c. &c. 'The Gem' for 1830, we are informed, is in a forward state, and will be ready for delivery on the 1st November. The embellishments have been selected by A. Cooper, R.A. These consist of two productions of his own pencil, and works by Howard, Leslie, Chalon, Martin, and Berrington. The principal engravers are Rolis, Edwards, Humphrys, and Shenton. The table of literary contents, too, presents many names from which the most favourable expectations may be formed as to the merit of the volume.

Now ready, '*The Heraldry of Crests*,' illustrative of

those borne by at least 20,000 families, including those of all the peers and baronets, and of most of the distinguished families of Great Britain, accompanied by remarks, historical and explanatory, with copious indexes of the bearers' names.

Dr. Arnot's Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, will be completed by the publication of the Second Volume, of which the first half, comprehending the subjects of Heat and Light, with a copious account of the important and the beautiful Phenomena which range under these heads, is to appear early in October. It will be accompanied by a Fourth Edition of Vol. I. in which the true nature of the common defect in Speech, called Stuttering, or Stammering, is for the first time completely exposed, and, as a fruit of the Discovery, a Key, of very easy application, is given, for effectually setting free the imprisoned voice.

THE NONCONFORMIST, Nos. 1. and II. is now publishing, and may be had of Messrs. Holdsworth and Ball, 18, St. Paul's Church-yard, or at 25, Ludgate Hill. Price 8s. per 100 copies.

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